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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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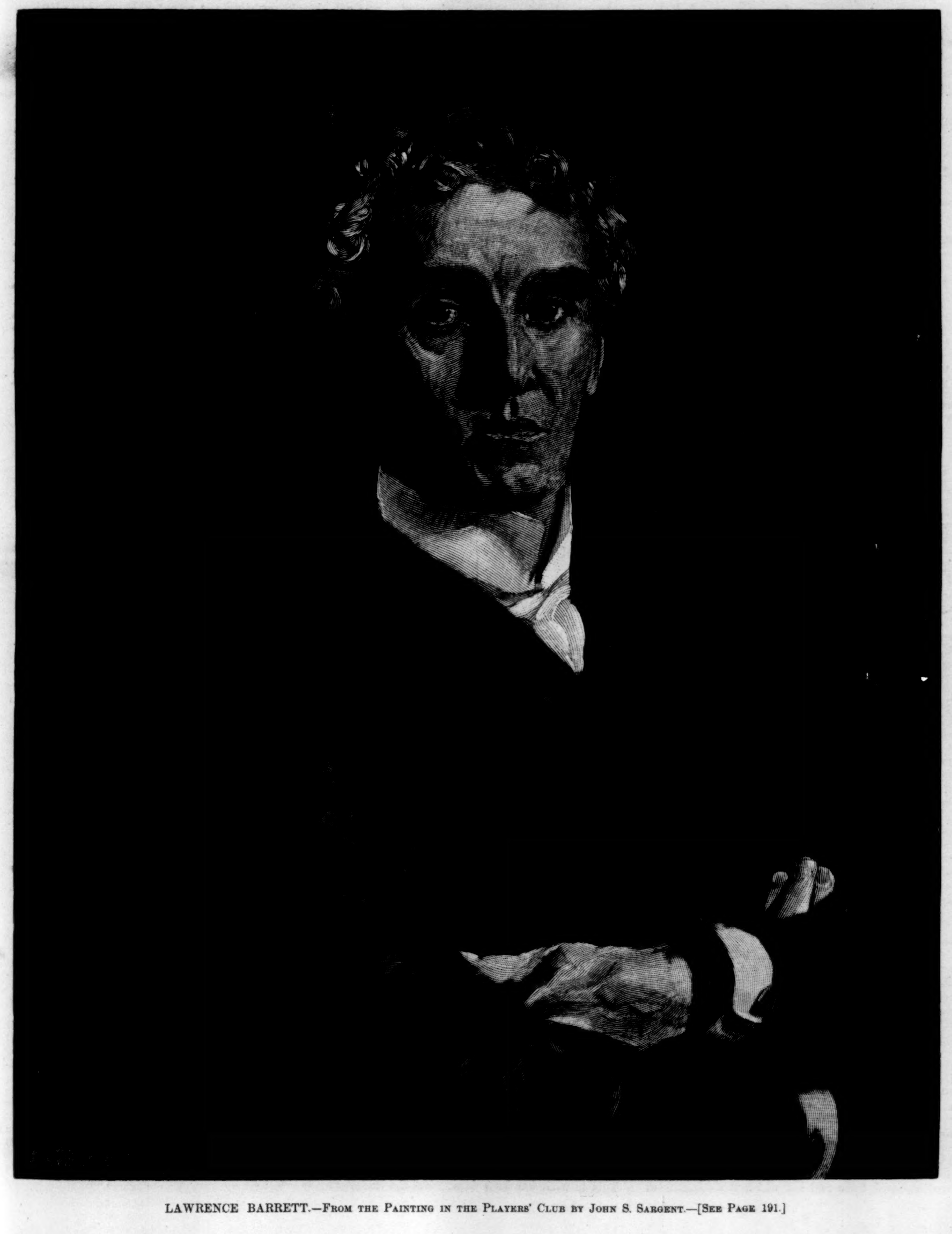

LAWRENCE BARRETT.—FROM THE PAINTING IN THE PLAYERS' CLUB BY JOHN S. SARGENT.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

Boswell's Johnson.

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No. 1786.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ARTICLE ON THOSE WHO WORKED FOR THE PASSAGE OF THE COPYRIGHT BILL, AND PICTURES OF THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND A CONCERT OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.

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BALANCING THE REFORM ACCOUNT.

As Congress adjourns at the close of two years of complete Republican control of the government, it is a timely question how far the promise of the Republican platform of 1888 has been fulfilled, that reform in the civil service should be extended to every grade of the service to which it is applicable, and that the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all Executive appointments. Let us see what has been done. The President appointed an admirable commission, and there is no question that the law has been in general faithfully executed, so that, as Commissioner Roosevelt says, within the classified service in the departments at Washington removals for political reasons have practically ceased. The commission also, by its fair action and intelligent explanation, has succeeded in interesting the Southern States in the reform, so that for the first time the quotas of those States in the departments are filled with absolute disregard of political sympathies. Besides these good results, the House Committee on Civil Service Reform brought in a report at the last moment of the session, stating that the law has been, on the whole, executed to the great benefit of the public service; and to make it still more effective, recommending the reconstruction of the commission, with a chief commissioner and a first and second deputy, requiring of appointing officers a satisfactory reason for not selecting from the three names standing highest on the eligible list, and furnishing to every person removed a written statement of the reason of his removal. The report, of course, is of no weight in the next Congress. But it is very significant as the view of the majority of a committee composed of eminent members of the Republican party, with Mr. John F. Andrew, a Massachusetts Democrat.

This is a fair statement of the progress thus far accomplished under this administration. The other side of the account, however, is much less pleasant. Despite the platform and his personal pledge, the President, by refusing to reappoint, has practically removed the three postmasters, in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston respectively, who were admitted to be the best in the country, and who administered their trusts without partisan or political considerations. By the Postmaster-General, who was appointed under notorious circumstances, the postal service at large, the largest patronage department, has been made mere spoils. The Republican Senator Plumb has sought indirectly to overthrow the reformed system, and the Republican House showed by its vote in committee its antipathy to reform, while its refusal to concur in the action of the Senate defeated the increased force and aid which the commission asked as essential to the proper discharge of its duties. This positive hostile legislative action is to be set against the honorable labors of the commission, the honest observance of the existing law, and the favorable but ineffective opinions of the House Committee. No honest Republican, who contrasts this actual performance of two years with the engagements of the platform and the pledges of the President, will deny that a vote given to Mr. Harrison in 1888 on the ground of those promises and pledges was a vote obtained under false pretences. No such Republican can deny that whatever the shortcomings of Mr. Cleveland in regard to reform in the civil service, they did not involve such treachery and falsehood as those of the Republican administration thus far.

The actual service of the last two years to reform is really summed up in the fidelity of the commission. But there is no allegation that under the Cleveland administration the commission was not equally faithful. Republicans who adhered to the party in 1884 as the only party under which reform was possible, and who believed the party declaration of 1888 that its reform pledges would not be broken, cannot longer assume that the advancement of civil service reform is a reason for still adhering to the party. But while this is true, no friend of reform need be discouraged. It is impossible not to see, as the report of the House committee indicates, that the demand for reform is constantly stronger. Public opinion is more and more imperative. Indiana, the "dark and bloody ground" of floaters and blocks of five, furnishes an extraordinary illustration of this fact. The bill to apply reform principles to the management of charitable institutions in that State has just been defeated in the Legislature. But the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, the leading Democratic paper in Indiana, rebukes its party friends in the most uncompromising manner:

> "The Democratic Senators who voted against Senator Magee's excellent bill committed an act of political folly so gross as to be almost criminal. The defeat of this measure will cost the Democratic party thousands of votes at future elections. No party can hope to hold its own in this State which deliberately sets itself against the moral sentiment of the people, which plants itself across the pathway of progress and reform, which obstructs measures that every consideration of humanity, decency, and common justice demands."

President Harrison may profitably ponder these words of the leading Democratic paper in his own State, and their illustration of changing public sentiment is most striking and suggestive.

DEMOCRACY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

An interesting series of interviews with the leaders of the Democratic party in Massachusetts was recently published in the *World*. Governor Russell, Messrs. George Frederick Williams and Sherman Hoar, Representatives in Congress, Mr. H. H. Pratt, District Attorney, and Mr. Josiah Quincy, Secretary of the Democratic State Committee, gave their views of the remarkable renewal of the Democratic party in the old Bay State. It is one of the most notable and significant political events of the time, for Massachusetts had long been the leading and typical Republican State, in which the Democratic party was represented chiefly by a few discontented old Whigs and a group of Bourbons. The Democratic nomination of Mr. Charles Francis Adams and of Mr. John F. Andrew for Governor, and the election of Mr. Gaston and of General Butler, showed in different ways a certain movement of life in the party. But it was the mugwump bolt of 1884 which was the spring of the movement which carried the State at the late election.

The present representative leaders of the Democratic party in Massachusetts are chiefly of Republican antecedents. They are generally young men, men of education, high character, and ability, and of well-known families, of strong convictions and public spirit, and of political courage. They are of the *post bellum* epoch, and as they grew up they found that parties were still based theoretically on *ante bellum* issues and feelings, but were practically devoted to personal or commercial interests. These men, however, with the old Republican spirit in which they were bred, were interested in living and progressive politics and the questions of to-day. They were generally revenue reformers and civil service reformers. They held to principle in politics and to honest government, and were essentially democrats, not in a traditional party sense, but as really trusting the great body of the people, and holding the original Democratic view of the limited function of government. The Republican nomination of 1884 brought them at once into political activity as mugwumps, and the personality of Mr. Cleveland and his tariff reform message confirmed their separation from the Republican party. After that, as one of their number said, "it was easier to take possession of the Democratic organization than to form a new party."

This is what has been done. But the leaders retain their independence. None of them, except Governor Russell, who was born a Democrat, appeal to the Democratic traditions, with which they do not sympathize, because they are the traditions of the ascendency of the slave power. But day before yesterday being past and its issues disposed of, on the question which, in the judgment of these leaders, has taken the place of slavery, the question of tariff reform, they are opposed to the Republican party, and find Mr. Cleveland to be the chief representative of their views. They are therefore Democrats of today, and they believe that in their sense Massachusetts is practically a Democratic State. They think that the sound judgment of that State does not approve the force bill, the McKinley tariff, the extravagant pensions, the alliance of the government with special private interests, the arbitrary regulation of debate in Congress, and the general drift of the Republican party. On the other hand, they would probably not accept a Democracy of which Governor Hill is a representative, nor would they expect Massachusetts to do so. Evidence that Mr. Cleveland was not the representative of Democracy would undoubtedly seem to them to show that the triumph of Democracy, as they understand it, was postponed. Certainly the larger part of them would not support a free silver party, nor a party hostile to civil service reform. Their position shows how generally the Republican party has lost the confidence of thoughtful, conscientious, and public-spirited young Americans, and what a powerful force they are for honest politics, and for essential, not partisan, democratic principles.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL.

We are very glad to have been mistaken in supposing that the Senate's amendments would prevent the passage of the copyright bill. At the last moment the Senate receded from its own action, the Sherman and Ingalls amendments were abandoned, and the bill passed by a vote of 27 to 19. It is a compromise bill, permitting the importation of two copies of a copyrighted foreign book upon paying the duty, and the importation of foreign periodicals and newspapers if free from copyrighted matter. Mr. Sherman argued that the bill as proposed would give an absolute monopoly to the publisher, a provision for which he could not vote. But Mr. Sherman seemed to forget that the object of a copyright law is to secure the author's control for a time of his own property, and that the publisher can enjoy only such rights as he may derive from the author.

The President promptly signed the bill, and for the first time its principle is acknowledged in our legislation. Practical defects in the measure can be corrected as they appear, and a long reproach will be removed from the national name. Those who contend so strenuously that an international copyright understanding is in some sense un-American as opposed to American cheap reading, have not reflected that the want of such an understanding tends to make American reading English and foreign, and to make our literary influences and training un-American.

The basis of the bill is simply the fair play which is not less dear to Americans than to Englishmen. Whatever the argument for copyright, it is applicable to the general provisions of this bill, which recognizes a right and fosters a public benefit. Its passage is the conclusion of a long and what has often seemed a hopeless effort. But the members of Congress who voted for the bill have the satisfaction of knowing that its principle has been warmly advocated by the most eminent American statesmen, and is approved by the most intelligent American opinion. It is not probable that any backward step will be taken in the legislation which has secured the result, and if the course of the Fifty-first Congress has left much to be desired, the passage of the international copyright bill will be mentioned to its honor.

A GALLERY OF CASTS.

It is many a year since the Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine pleaded for a gallery of casts in New York as an object well worthy the consideration of "intending" municipal benefactors. The noble Metropolitan Museum of Art did not then exist. But it is now one of the great institutions of the city and the country. But it generously acknowledges that in one essential department of such an institution the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston excels it, having a sculptural collection superior in arrangement and selection to any other in the country.

It is the happy fortune of any such museum that, if it have the means, it can possess perfect reproductions of all the famous sculptures in the world. That is not true of the great pictures, because copies of paintings, however excellent, cannot do more than emulate and suggest the originals. But the subtle grace of form is as sure in the cast as in the statue. There is, indeed, no reproduction in art so complete as that of the cast, and no great city ought to be content until it enables its citizens to see and study within its own domain all the great works of sculpture in form as perfect as the originals.

To provide such a collection for New York, in addition to that which the Metropolitan Museum already owns, forty thousand dollars have been already subscribed, and sixty thousand more are needed. The trustees of the Museum, and especially its President, Mr. Marquand, have been munificent donors to its superb collections. But the city cannot expect that a few citizens, however generous, can alone furnish a museum of art worthy of the great metropolis. It should represent the general interest and sympathy, and while Boston and Paris and London are enriching and completing their galleries, New York ought not to be willing to lag in the rear of a noble emulation.

THE BROKEN HARP OF TARA.

Mr. Parnell has postponed indefinitely the success of the home-rule movement. The worst enemy of Ireland could not have dealt her a fouler blow. He has succeeded in dividing her friends into two angry factions, and in making their future union extremely remote. That no folly should be wanting, he is now hinting at complete Irish separation and independence, and spares no gibe at the one man who represents the English alliance without which Irish home-rule is for the present impossible.

It is now stated that nothing will be attempted in Parliament at this session, and that both factions will send agents to this country and to Australia to raise money to carry on their campaigns. This is a sorry prospect, and it is not surprising that at the same time it is surmised that the Liberal programme in Parliament will be revised. As the whole trouble has arisen from the selfishness and personal conduct of Parnell himself, there is a grim humor in his remark in his latest speeches that Irishmen would not allow his opponents to degrade the public platform by striking below the belt; that his opponents would be to blame if the contest were not fought out upon "dignified lines"; and if his opponents outraged the sense of the people by going outside the limits of decency, their conduct would be resented.

The sudden disappearance of the hope of success for Ireland, and the manner of it, are another illustration of the fate that seems to mock that unhappy country. Ireland has been constantly the victim of Irish treachery. But never before, although some of the great Irish leaders have been tempted, has one of them deliberately sacrificed the prospects of his country. No historian of these days can avoid holding Parnell responsible for the blow that falls upon Ireland when her victory was nearer than ever before.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS IN PARIS.

The result of the Empress Frederick's visit to Paris ought not to be surprising. The statue of Strasbourg, we believe, is still hung with funeral wreaths, and hatred of Germany and Germans is a passion with a certain class of Frenchmen, as it was with the Italians forty years ago. The Tedeschi were then *maladetti*, and with reason. The humiliation of France by Germany furnishes an exciting appeal to demagogues like Boulanger and Rochefort, and with a good cry such leaders are always able to arouse the mob of Paris; a mob of which there is a lurking terror, as if it might at any moment overthrow the government.

Its power, or the apprehension that it inspires, which is the same thing, is shown by the resolution of the French painters not to exhibit their works in Berlin. Whether the resolution was due to their hostile feeling, or only to their fear of those who cherish a hostile feeling, it equally served to show the situation. The peace is formal, and the German Emperor may well consider whether the situation is one that favors disarmament of any kind. The conduct of the French government, however, during the Empress's visit was perfectly friendly. The tone of the press it could not command. The crowds in the streets it could deal with only when they should become threatening; and it made ample provision for the personal protection of the Empress.

The government, therefore, was neither weak nor remiss. But the ability of such political cheap Jacks as Boulanger and Rochefort to imperil the peace of Europe discloses the actual feeling and the doubtful situation. It shows, also, that neither the French Minister in Germany nor the German Minister in France accurately comprehended French sentiment. The Emperor is naturally angry that he should have exposed his mother to insult. But, on the other hand, he cannot be sorry to have tested French popular feeling, and to have learned that the embers under the ashes are still glowing.

"WOMAN'S WORK IN AMERICA."

This is the title of a volume just issued by Henry Holt & Co., under the editorship of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, which the reader will find to be a very valuable chapter in American history not elsewhere to be found. It was suggested by Mr. Theodore Stanton's *The Woman Question in Europe*, and Mrs. Meyer at once secured the co-operation of women in America who were especially fitted to treat the various aspects of the subject.

With the brief introduction by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, there are eighteen papers. First, the education of women in the Eastern, Western, and Southern States is historically considered by Mary F. Eastman, May Wright Sewall, and Christine Ladd Franklin. Woman in the state, in professions, in industry, and in various forms of philanthropy, is the subject of the other papers. That among their authors are Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Willard, and Miss Clara Barton is evidence both of the fitness of Mrs. Meyer's choice of writers and of the character and value of the contributions.

The variety of occupations in which women are now engaged, and the ability and earnestness of their service, will be surprising to those who have a feeling of impatience with any suggestion of such activity, as if it must necessarily involve some sacrifice of womanly character and refinement. There is undoubtedly some disposition upon the part of women to overestimate small achievement, and to judge it not so much by its intrinsic merit as by the sex of the person concerned. But perhaps this kind of overestimation is not peculiar to women, and the standard of judgment always takes account of the want of practice. The general effect of the volume will be to dignify what is vaguely called the woman question, and to induce its more serious treatment by the impatient critics of whom we have spoken. The work is in itself a striking illustration of the movement which it commemorates. It is at once very interesting and very instructive.

A STATUE AND A PORTRAIT OF SHERMAN.

An equestrian statue of General Sherman is proposed, and the feeling for him is so personally affectionate and admiring that the proposition may be more fortunate than some others of the kind have been. Meanwhile Mr. William E. Marshall, whose portraits of Lincoln and Grant are familiar, has painted for Mr. Elkins, we believe, a portrait of General Sherman which is very satisfactory, and he has repeated it for another order. It is a half-length or more, representing the General in his uniform, the expression of the face and figure is alert, vigorous, and sagacious, and it is a very striking likeness. No figure of the war is more universally familiar than Sherman's, and his face will become better known probably than that of any of the Revolutionary soldiers except the Commander-in-chief. If a statue is to be erected, and he is certainly worthy of that honor, it is to be hoped that the subscription will not languish, and that the work will be unveiled and dedicated while the memory of the soldier is still fresh and his friends and comrades are still living.

"MOST EXPENSIVE, MOST INEFFICIENT, MOST CORRUPT."

Dr. John S. Billings, of the army, who is well known as one of the most eminent authorities upon sanitary science, in a recent paper read in Philadelphia to the Academy of Political and Social Science, alludes to ex-President Andrew D. White's remark that "with few exceptions the city governments in the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt." Dr. Billings says that it is a strong statement, but that it is true of several of the largest cities in the country so far as municipal engineering work is concerned.

But he adds that it does not apply to the city of Washington, where to his personal knowledge the engineering work on streets and sewers has been good and economical. There is, he says, no city in the world which has a less costly system of municipal administration in proportion to the work done. The money collected from the tax-payers is expended for the improvement and benefit of the city with the least possible deduction for the benefit of officials. Yet the city of Washington is the only city in the country which is governed without regard to American principles. Its citizens have no votes for any office, national, State, or municipal. They are taxed without direct representation, and they are governed by three commissioners selected by the President.

Washington is the conclusive illustration of the force of the allegation of President White, and of other intelligent students of the problem which has thus far baffled us, that a city should not be regarded as a political body, but as a great business corporation. Dr. Billings says that Washington is the only city in the country which is thus regarded, and the result is that it is the best and most economically governed city in the country. It is not necessary to place New York under a commission to secure that result, but it is probably necessary to enforce the same principle, which is the object of the Municipal League.

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

Whether Governor Hill resigns or retains the Governorship, there is one act of his administration which will be regarded with favor by good citizens of all parties. It is his interest in road-making, and his urgent recommendation that the State of New York take action to secure roads worthy of her greatness and prosperity. A State Roads Improvement Association has been formed, and its first annual meeting, recently held at Syracuse, was largely attended, and Senator Richardson, of Orange County, explained the bill which has been introduced in the Legislature and bears his name.

Mr. Richardson's argument was addressed mainly to the farmers. He cited statistics to show that the farmers pay only about eight per cent. of the State tax. He would have the labor of criminals, paupers, and tramps utilized upon the roads, and about sixty miles of road in each county built by the State. One good road running through every county in the State would stimulate a local enthusiasm in the construction of roads which would soon give every county a satisfactory system.

It is obvious that no class of the community is more vitally interested in roads than the farmers and all industries which require heavy teaming. No public works enhance the reputation, and consequently the prosperity, of a neighborhood so promptly and so largely as good roads. They are the first necessity of civilization, and the surest signs of its advance. Good roads, good schools, and good government are closely related, and the proof of saving public spirit in any community is its willingness to make its local communication as convenient and easy as possible. There is no surer sign of intelligence in such a community than the resolution that its local taxes, which are largely devoted to road-making, shall be spent only by men who understand that good roads are not made by ignorance and carelessness, but by intelligence and experience.

PERSONAL.

Robert Grant, the Boston lawyer and writer, is thirty-nine years old, and has a delightful home on Commonwealth Avenue. His law business confines him so closely that he has little time for literary work, although he tries to devote an hour of each day to writing.

—Almost fabulous reports come from Asheville, North Carolina, with regard to the work which is being done by George Vanderbilt on his estate near there. The natural beauties of the place are being enhanced by every artificial effect that money can buy, and the $400,000 already spent on the mansion and grounds is said to be only a part of the proposed outlay.

—The Mary Washington Monument Association of Fredericksburg, Virginia, has conveyed to the national association at Washington the deed of the lots containing the grave and unfinished monument of Mary, the mother of Washington, and the larger society is to complete the work of erecting a suitable memorial over the grave. Mrs. Amelia C. Waite, widow of the late Chief Justice, is president of the national association. Mrs. E. P. Terhune (Marion Harland), of Brooklyn, who has been prominent in the movement for the building of a monument, and is one of the vice-presidents of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, will soon address the national association on Mary, the mother of Washington. It is hoped that over $80,000 may be raised for the monument.

—The recent marriage of Jeanne Hugo, the favorite granddaughter of Victor Hugo, to Léon Daudet, in Paris, was made a great social event. Many people prominent in politics, literature, and the arts and sciences were present. There was no religious ceremony, the Mayor of the district officiating and reading a poem by Victor Hugo, while Jules Simon made an address.

—Lord Grimthorpe, England's noble clock-maker, has just completed a clock for the post-office of Sydney, New South Wales, which is said to be the largest timepiece that has ever been sent from England.

—The prize offered by the Inebriates' Home at Fort Hamilton, New York, for the best essay on the care and cure of drunkards, has been awarded to Professor Pierre François Spaink, of Baarn, Holland, an eminent pathologist and microscopist.

—Philip A. White, a colored millionaire, who died in Brooklyn the other day, made his money by compounding and selling drugs in New York city. He established himself in the "Swamp" half a century ago, and during the early days of the war, when others of his race suffered indignities from the mob, his store escaped assault, for he was known as a friend and benefactor of the poor. Dr. White, as he was called, was well educated and had a fine private library.

—There is talk in Philadelphia of removing the remains of Benjamin Franklin and his wife from the old and neglected cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, and placing them in a granite sarcophagus in the City Hall.

—In a three-column review of Mr. Theodore Child's South-American articles, now running in Harper's Magazine, *Le Figaro*, of February 14th, says that this writer's "impressions, taken from the life, give a much truer conception of Spanish America than the elegant palaces of iron and glass expressly designed to dazzle the eyes of Europe gathered at the Champ de Mars to admire the Exposition of 1889."

—Walter M. Aikman, whose work as a wood-engraver is familiar to the readers of Harper's periodicals, was recently the honored recipient of a bronze medal from the directors of the Paris Exposition of 1889, awarded in token of the excellent character of his productions exhibited there under the auspices of the American Society of Wood-Engravers. This is high distinction for a young artist, and is especially worthy of appreciation from the fact that only four other American engravers achieved similar honor. Mr. Aikman is enthusiastically devoted to his profession, having had the advantage of instruction from the best masters both in this country and in Europe, and aside from his work as an engraver he has attained no little success as a painter.

—William Morris, the English poet, has set up a press in a cottage near his Hammersmith residence, and intends in future, it is said, to be his own printer.

—The late Secretary Windom left a moderate fortune, largely in real estate, the value of which will probably increase materially in the next few years.

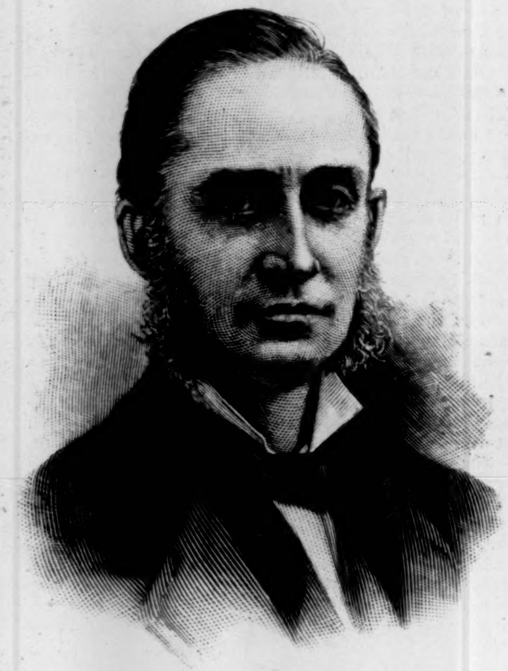
—The venerable poet Whittier announces that he has stopped writing forever.

—The late E. R. Mayo, of Boston, had a passion for conchology, and his collection of shells ranked with the best in this country or abroad.

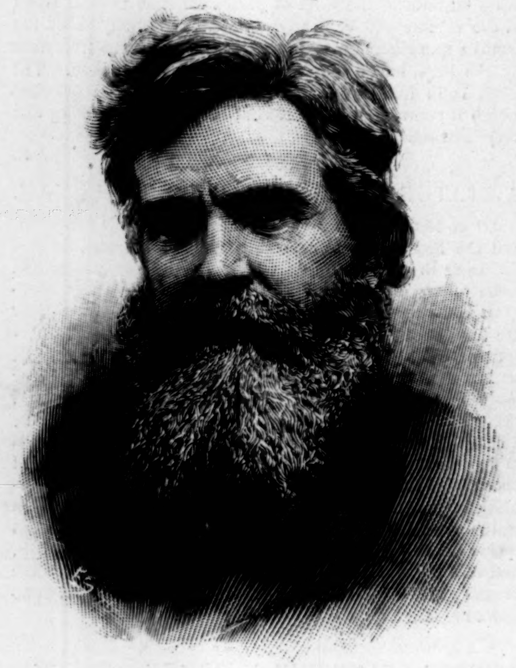
—Charles P. Matthews, the rich English brewer who died not long ago, was a genuine lover of art, and possessed what is believed to be the most valuable and important collection of modern paintings in existence. Such was his attachment for his pictures, it is said, that he carted his choicest treasures back and forth between his town and country houses every year, so that he might always have them with him.

—Dr. Wilson, who served in the navy with Admiral Farragut, but was forced by consumption to leave the service and this country, found health by out-door life in South Africa. He now owns half of one of the islands in the Comoro group, off the coast of Africa, and has a large sugar plantation nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. Dr. Wilson is a bachelor, and the only other white person on the island is an Englishman, who is also a sugar planter.

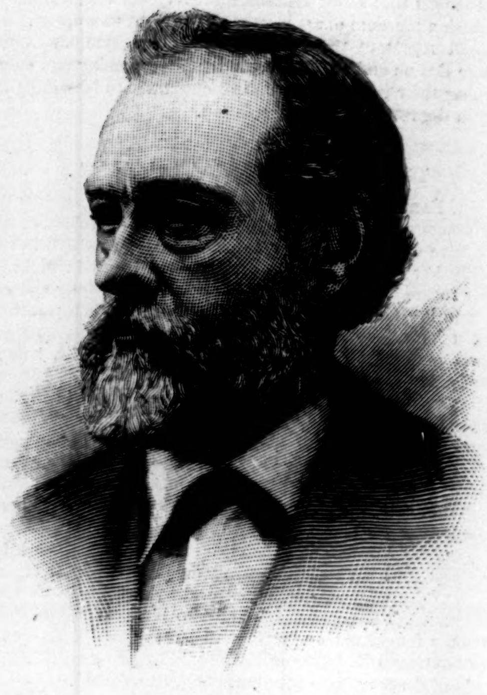
—Since the publication of Mr. Theodore Child's series of articles on the South-American republics began in Harper's Magazine the author has been overwhelmed with inquiries for advice, minute information as to salaries, and cost of living, prospects, etc., etc. Though Mr. Child finds himself quite unable to reply to these letters, many of the questions put to him will be answered implicitly or directly when the South-American series appears in its complete form as a volume. Meanwhile, as regards minute details, intending emigrants should apply to the South-American Consuls in the United States, or to the United States officials resident in South America.



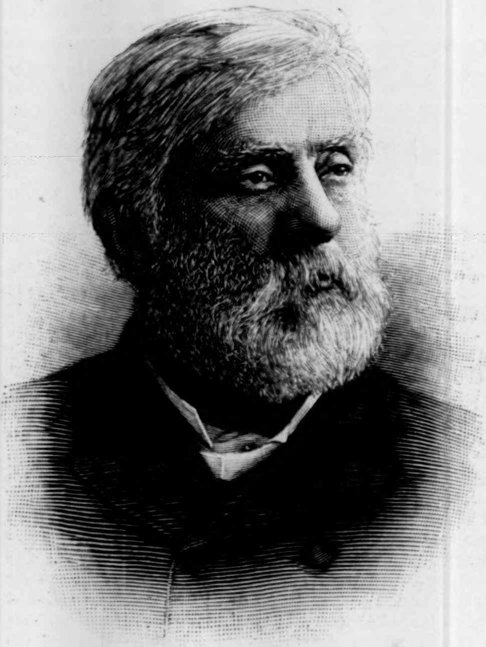
EX-SENATOR JONATHAN CHACE.



EDWARD EGGLESTON.



SENATOR O. H. PLATT.



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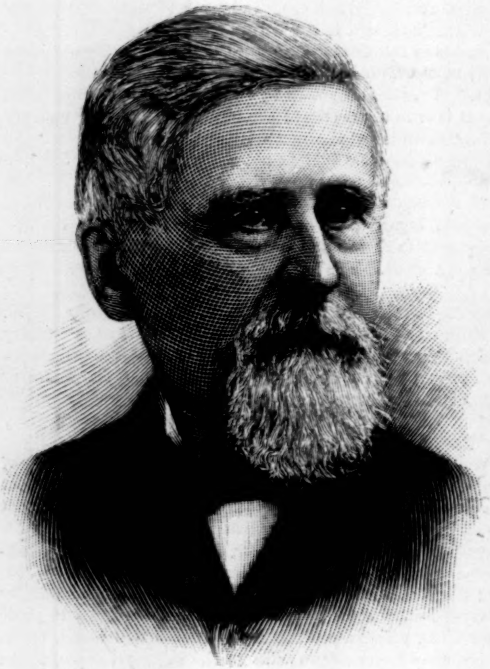

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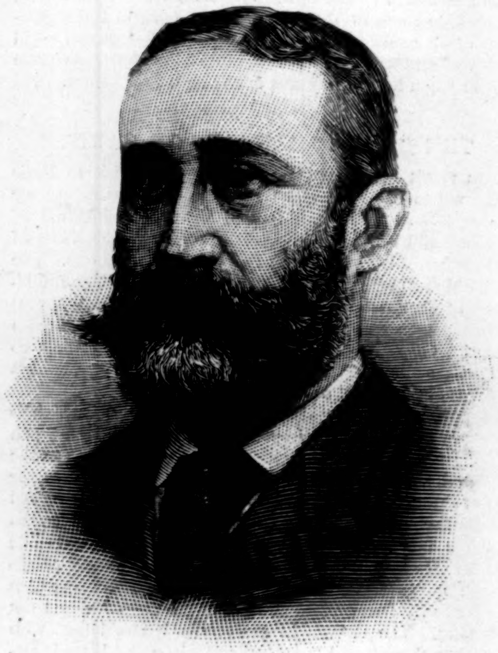

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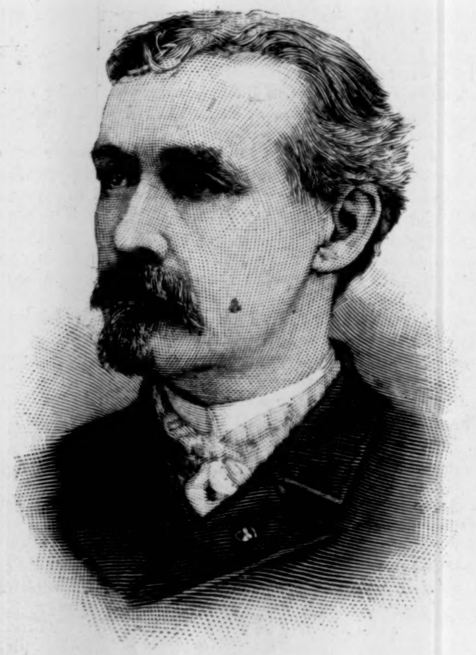

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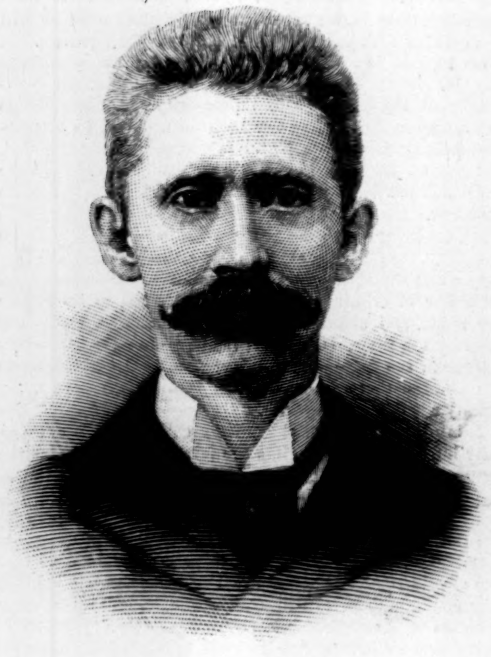
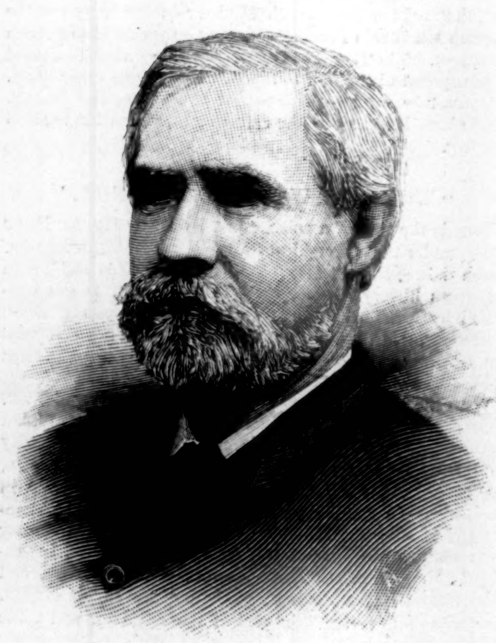
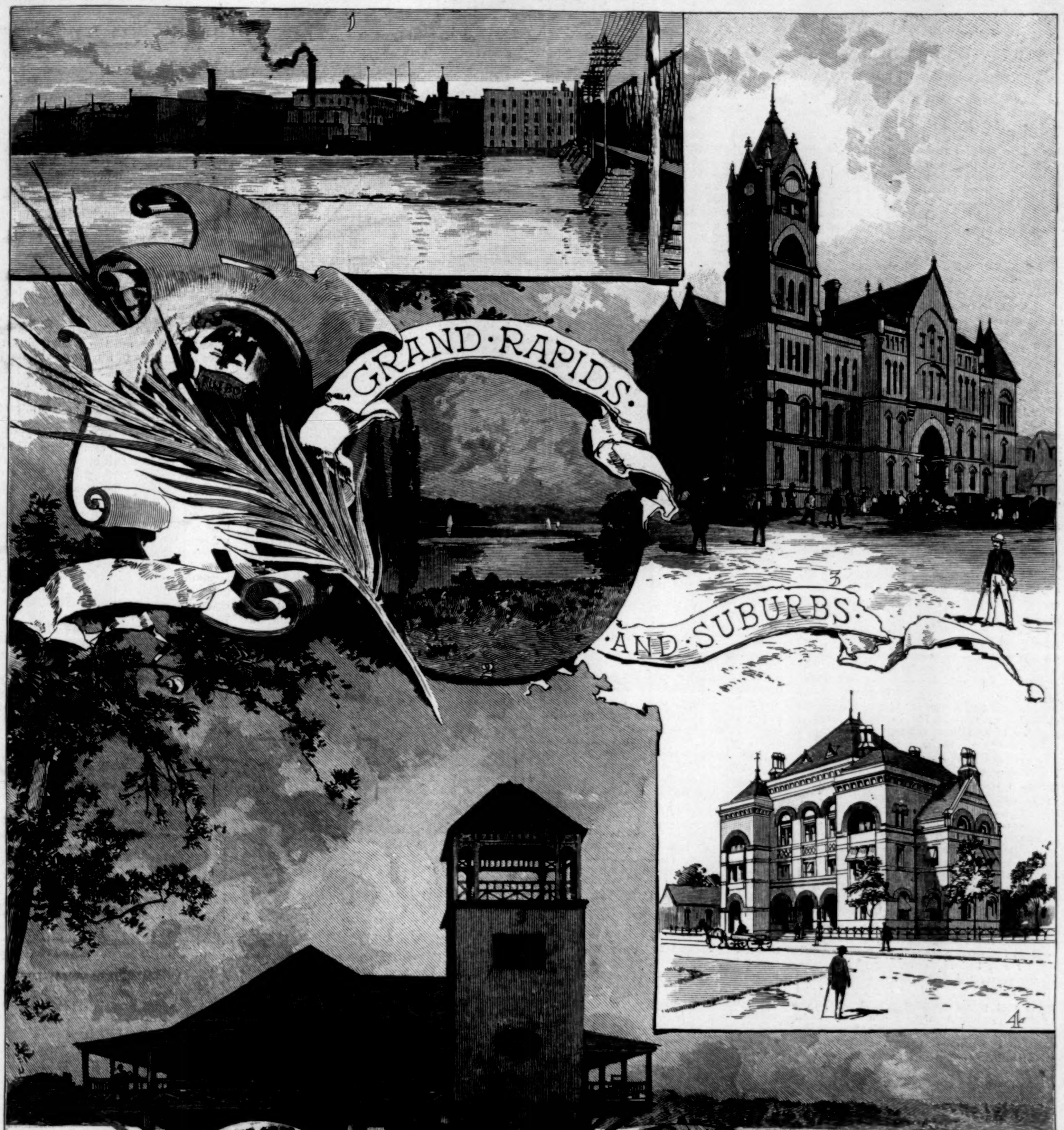


CHARLES J. DUMAR.



THEODORE L. DE VINNE.

PROMINENT WORKERS FOR THE PASSAGE OF THE COPYRIGHT BILL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL, GUTEKUNST, AND OTHERS.—[SEE SUPPLEMENT.]


GRAND·RAPIDS
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VIEWS OF AND AROUND GRAND RAPIDS.—[See Page 186.]

1. The River Front. 2. Reid's Lake. 3. The City Hall. 4. The Post-Office. 5. Owashtanong—Boat-House at Reid's Lake. 6. The Plaza.

THE CITY OF GRAND RAPIDS.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

It must have been the Indians who first suggested the location of the city of Grand Rapids. If they did not actually suggest it, they at least showed by their actions that this was a natural trading point, for in the early days of Indian trading in the wilderness of Michigan they brought skins and furs to this point from the hunting-grounds scores of miles round about. As this was the only place for a hundred miles up and down the Grand River where travellers and trappers could find a fordable crossing, it naturally became an important item in the movements of the original pioneers. Trappers and traders on their way from Lake Michigan to the Detroit River, or to the head of Lake Erie, naturally made the rapids a crossing point; and when they had occasion to tell what they knew of the great region to the westward of Lake Erie, when their knowledge was sought after by intending settlers, they did not neglect to point out the advantages of the rapids as motive power for saw-mills and manufacturing enterprises. In those days the possession of a good water-power was wellnigh imperative to men who wished to establish manufactories, for very few of them were in a financial position to make use of steam. Engines and boilers cost too much in the first place, and it was next to impossible, in any event, to carry them through the wilderness.

So it came about that the first settlers of the present city of Grand Rapids were attracted to the place by the abundance of good water-power in the Grand River, and incidentally by the easy way in which goods could be sent up or down the valley. In addition, the forests of the Grand River Valley and the outlying hills showed that a fine business in wood-working might some day be built up at the rapids. The first actual white settler was not a manufacturer, however, but an Indian trader, who built a cabin for barter with the Indians as early as 1827. It was not until 1832 that the first genuine immigrant arrived. This seems to have been at the beginning of a western movement of considerable magnitude, for in this decade a number of ambitious towns were started in the lake region. Some of these beginnings, like that at Grand Rapids, grew to towns of importance, but the greater number hardly survived the first hard frost. There have been western movements almost without number all through the present century, and they do not seem to have died out yet. Just at present there is a laudable desire on the part of many people to get hold of the natural riches of the Pacific Northwest, and in the course of time other enterprising folk will make a garden out of the arid wastes of Arizona and New Mexico. The western movements now do not differ very much from the western movements of sixty years ago, except that the immigrant in these days of modern improvements and far-reaching railways rarely knows the feeling of hardship. Undoubtedly the first settlers of the Grand River Valley could tell some stories of hard work and privation that would make the modern immigrant gasp. It may be asserted in extenuation that these early pioneers were used to that sort of thing. Perhaps they were; but if they were, it surely was not from pure love of it. The early settlers endured these hardships because they had to do it or die, and, as a rule, they did not come of dying stock.

Judging from the names of the pioneers of Grand Rapids, I should say that they came originally from the New England States. This stock has made the best pioneers that America has ever known, for they united with an intense religious fervor and conscientious devotion to duty an ability to fight Indians that has never quite been equalled in this or any other country. The pioneers of the Grand River Valley could have fought Indians as readily as they hunted wild beasts, but they preferred to trade with them, because it was rather more profitable, and profit was the main thing that held their attention. The Indians of this region do not appear to have been very troublesome, and, for the most part, the settlers were allowed to subjugate the forest and harness the rapids unmolested.

Even in its first year of existence, which may be conceded to be 1833, Grand Rapids showed strong evidence of its future character. It was in that year that the first saw-mill was built, and from that time until the present day there has been a steady increase in the wood-working industry at this point, so much so, in fact, that to-day the city of Grand Rapids is claimed to be the largest manufacturer of furniture in the world. The first furniture factory was built in 1836, and in the year following a chair factory was added to the industries of the place. A number of other enterprises had their beginning in that year, among which may be mentioned the first newspaper, the *Grand River Times*. It must have been a venturesome thing to try to publish a newspaper just then, because there were few people to subscribe, and fewer still to advertise, yet the *Times* was published, with more or less irregularity, until 1841, when it gave up the struggle. Its suspension may have been due to the fact that, although it was begun at a time when the people were encouraged by the appearance of the first Grand River steam-boat and the beginning of several promising enterprises, yet the four years of its existence were years of hard times not only for the paper, but for the people of the hopeful young town as well. Immigration from the East fell away to nothing, and with it the necessary money with which to keep business moving. The people were pitifully poor, but they held on with true pioneer grit, in the hope that the tributary country would become settled. In 1841 things began to pick up a trifle. During that year the business men exported 5426 barrels of flour, 4,000,000 feet of pine lumber, 2,500,000 shingles, 4000 pounds of potash, 50 barrels of beans, maple sugar worth $5000, and a quantity of plaster. Furs to the value of $25,000 were also sent east. Two or three years afterward the hard times were forgotten in the rush of new business and the promise of greater commercial and industrial activity. More steam-boats were built for the river and lake trade from time to time as they were needed, and other means were taken to assist the convenient transaction of business. The untimely fate of the first newspaper was so far forgotten as to permit the beginning of two new weekly papers, the *Enquirer*, which came out in 1841, and the *Grand River Eagle*, which appeared in 1844. Notwithstanding the period of prosperity in which they were established, the new papers did not have a particularly easy time of it until many years afterward, when the town had grown to be one of the liveliest places in Michigan. As now related, the early experiences of the founder of the *Eagle* are rather amusing, but they may not have been quite so funny then. One of Mr. A. B. Turner's early assistants in the publication of the paper gives the following interesting reminiscence:

"The *Eagle* used to come out regularly every week, if we had good luck casting rollers, and paper and ink didn't give out; but we weren't at all certain about what day of the week it would appear. I wonder now, when I remember what a paper the *Eagle* then was compared with what it is now, and compared with my present idea of what even a small village weekly ought to be, why the outraged public did not rise up in virtuous indignation and dump the whole concern into the river. Then, when I remember how much better a paper the *Eagle* was than its then contemporaries in the State, and how much better a paper it was than the village paid for, and how the public frequently didn't pay, even in truck, so long as payment could be dodged, and how everybody sponged on the paper as much as possible, expecting it to puff everybody's hobby, and not to mention many things that ought to have been reprobated, and how the editor was compelled not only to make an incessant struggle for its existence, but also, with unusual sturdiness for those times, to manfully preserve his independence and self-respect, I wonder why we didn't rise up in just wrath and wipe the infant city right off the map. When I look at the narrow streets that are the ever-present, visible reminder of those narrow times, I am sometimes sorry we didn't. It could have been started again on a much improved plan, and cheaply, considering that one could then have bought the entire territory within the present city limits, with the village thrown in, for an average of about $25 per acre, of which all, except the village centre, would have been from $2 to $10 per acre."

This is no doubt an accurate picture of the circumstances attending the publication of a country weekly away back in the forties, but, of course, it does not apply to country papers now, because in these enlightened days no country subscriber wants to pay in cord-wood or turnips, and very few are so thoughtless of the common rules of business as to wish to make use of a thing that they do not pay for. I would not go so far as to say that all country editors make fortunes, and send their families to Europe every summer, but most of them do, as any one may learn upon inquiry. Once in a great while a real mean man begrudges the country editor his life of ease and freedom from care, but I have come upon only one such instance. I was in the office of a country weekly in the West some years ago, asking the editor about the prospective development of his section of country, when a subscriber came in to stop his paper. "I don't mind readin' th' paper," said the subscriber, "but it goes agin th' grain to pay money to a man to live in idleness. If you had to work for your livin' same's I do, you'd know what money was wuth." That this was a fitting rebuke to one of the leisure class any one could see by the painful way in which the hot blood of shame crimsoned the editor's face. The editor's explanation to me that he worked eighteen hours a day, and did his own job-work and the greater part of the presswork, in addition to the editorial and local work, was, of course, a shiftless evasion.

In proof of the fortunate estate of the country editor I have only to point to the owners of the *Eagle*, which has now become one of the most successful dailies of the State of Michigan. The *Eagle* is no longer a country weekly, it is true, but it once was, and it is quite likely that it was while Mr. Turner was doing his own presswork to save the wages of a journeyman printer that he amassed wealth enough to maintain a city daily. Experience has shown that very few men can afford to run a large daily paper, and the fact that the *Eagle* comes out every day in the week, including Sundays, with all the telegraphic news of the world, to say nothing of the local news, is pretty conclusive evidence that there is a bank-book somewhere about the place.

Other newspapers have been started in Grand Rapids, but not all of them have lived. Those that are now in existence seem to be prospering in a satisfactory way, which may be taken as evidence that they are worthy of the people whom they represent. Most manufacturing enterprises begun in Grand Rapids doubtless had an easier time than the newspapers, and yet not all of them lived. Many of them died, but, as in the case of the newspapers, there were others that came to take their places.

The growth of the manufacturing business was checked for a time during the war period, but immediately after the war it began again with twofold energy. From the close of the war until the present time the manufactures of Grand Rapids have steadily increased in number and importance, and naturally the population has shown a corresponding increase. The census of 1850 gave Grand Rapids a population of 2669. Ten years later this had grown to 8085; in 1870 it had reached 16,507; and in 1880 it had became 32,016. A local census taken in 1884 made the population 42,733. Since 1884 the city has grown with more than usual rapidity, and at the same time the tributary country has developed to a degree that promises a large future business for the Grand Rapids merchants. The population at present is claimed to be not far from 80,000.

It is interesting to note that although steam-boat navigation gave the city its start in life, it was the building of railroads that set the later business activity afoot. The Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee Railroad passed through Grand Rapids in 1858, but it did not begin to reap the full measure of its reward until after the war. It now has a large share of the manufacturers' shipments from Grand Rapids. The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad added a new impetus to business by giving manufacturers a direct outlet to Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1870. It had been in operation to Cedar Springs in 1866. It now connects with the Upper Peninsula system at Mackinac, which affords access to the great lumber regions of the State. The Kalamazoo, Allegan, and Grand Rapids Railroad was opened in 1869. It is now a part of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, which places Grand Rapids business men in quick communication with Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, and New York. The Grand River Valley Railroad to Jackson, now a part of the Michigan Central system, was opened in 1870, and two years later a much-desired rail connection with Chicago was accomplished in the Chicago and West Michigan Railway, which now has branches from Allegan to Pentwater, and from Muskegon to Big Rapids. With these railroads and their connections Grand Rapids has an outlet to all parts of the country, and in addition has water communication with the Great Lakes. With proper dredging the Grand River could be made navigable as far as Grand Rapids for lake vessels of the largest size. The people of the city are almost certain that a secondary lake port will be created by deepening the river or by cutting a ship-canal through to the lake. Either of these enterprises would greatly assist the receipt and shipment of goods, and eventually add much to the business of the city. The Grand Rapids men of affairs should not long neglect so valuable an opportunity.

It is not likely that Grand Rapids will neglect or overlook any of her opportunities, for she has a Board of Trade that is constantly seeking ways in which her interests may be benefited. The board was organized in 1887 for the purpose, as expressed, of proving the power of combination to secure needed benefits to the community. The work done by the board from year to year shows that it has assisted foreign capital to investments in established home enterprises, encouraged the opening of retail establishments, brought about the addition of manufacturing concerns to the city's already large number of factories, and, among other things, gathered and published the statistics of the manufacturing and jobbing business. Figures of a recent date show that there are 429 manufacturing concerns in the city, with an invested capital of $17,334,400, and an annual output of $31,682,250. The furniture industry stands first in the amount of capital invested and in the number of hands employed. There are 32 furniture factories, which employ 4913 hands, and turn out a yearly product of $6,765,350. The amount of capital invested is $4,263,500. These figures do not include the allied manufactures of wood. The lumber and shingle mills rank next with respect to the number of men employed and the amount of capital invested, but they rank first in the matter of value of product. There are 32 lumber and shingle mills, with an invested capital of $3,615,000, and a yearly output valued at $8,076,000. There are 1258 hands employed. It may be mentioned in connection with the wood-working industry that there are two factories engaged in the manufacture of wooden shoes, and that they do a business worth about $11,000 a year. This is rather a novel line of business for the continent of America, and yet the Grand Rapids manufacturers doubtless find that they do as well at this in Grand Rapids as they could in any country of Europe, and perhaps better. Among other factories here is a carpet-sweeper works, which claims to manufacture more carpet sweepers than all other concerns of the kind combined.

The wholesale and jobbing business has also grown to large proportions in Grand Rapids. It had its origin in 1847, when Wilder D. Foster began to sell to the country dealers as well as to the towns-people. As nature and circumstances both made Grand Rapids a trading centre, this branch of business grew steadily, until to-day it is represented by 83 houses, which employ 1116 hands, and do an annual business of $16,554,000. The amount of capital invested is $3,886,000.

As befits a city of such manufacturing and commercial activity, the business portion of Grand Rapids is solidly and handsomely built of brick and stone buildings, many of which would be ornaments to cities of greater pretensions. The City Hall is a large stone structure, with a lofty arched entrance and ornamental tower. The ornamental trivialities of the tower might well have been omitted, as they seem to detract from its natural dignity. There are too many pointed windows in the body of the tower, and too many decorative frills around the clock faces, to be quite in harmony with recognized ideas of simplicity and strength. The top of the tower is altogether weak and uninteresting, all of which is to be regretted, as towers are entirely out of place unless they are intelligently and tastefully done. The roof of the building is too much broken up to provide that impression of strength which is so essential in large public buildings. Considered as an entirety, the City Hall is not without considerable architectural merit, and yet because it is a new building, which must serve its purpose for many years to come, it is to be regretted that the $300,000 spent in its construction were not put to better use. I am sorry to see that in some cities of the West, and particularly in Chicago, there is a sort of craze for architectural trivialities that the people will one day be sorry for. The government building, although built rather plainly of brick, with stone trimmings, is a much more creditable ornament to the city, and yet it is rarely pointed out as one of the chief architectural attractions. The Peninsular Club's building has some architectural merits that the visitor will do well not to overlook, although the club is noted more for its social qualities than for the appearance of its building.

The new Kent County Court-house may with justice be considered as the best example of modern architecture in the city. The plan of the building and tower seems to have been taken from some of the late H. H. Richardson's best work, but the architect unfortunately did not possess Richardson's love of simplicity, breadth, and strength, for he has added to the plain plan many details that might better have been omitted. The masses have been so cut up that one gets a true conception of the beauty of the building only by a distant view. When distance has smoothed out the trivialities of construction, the massive outlines of the building itself and the lofty strength of the tower are seen at their best.

The Michigan Soldiers' Home, although not a pretentious building from an architectural point of view, is a creditable example of its style of architecture. It was built by the State for the care of disabled and infirm veterans of the war of the rebellion. There are about six hundred inmates. The Ladies' Literary Club house is an interesting feature of city architecture. It is not a large building, but the tasteful design of its front is worth something more than a passing glance. In addition to these buildings there are some fairly good church buildings, and a number of comfortably built school-houses. The architecture of the Grand Rapids private residences, while not perhaps particularly noticeable, is nevertheless quite up to the average of that of cities of this class, if not actually beyond it. For the most part the houses are set a little back from the street, and, where practicable, are surrounded by shade trees and shrubbery. Most of the residence streets are lined with double rows of fine trees, which in summer-time make the city a delightful place for rest and recreation. Some of the elms and oaks that now shade the streets were large trees when the city was first settled. The people are to be congratulated upon their good sense and good taste in preserving these old trees. Out in Pueblo, Colorado, a few years ago, some of the more prosaic and practical minded men of the city wantonly cut down the largest and most famous tree in the State, for the puerile reason that it was an obstruction to traffic in the street. They are probably sorry for it by this time, and if they are not, they ought to be.

The city of Grand Rapids has several parks, but they are rather small affairs. This public defect will doubtless be remedied in time. The chief public resort is Reed's Lake, which is about a mile and a half from the city. It is owned by a private corporation. The Owashtanong Boat Club, which has handsome quarters in the city, has a $6000 boat-house on the lake.

As might be supposed from the character of the city, the social life is made manifest in various active ways. One of these ways is the maintenance of social clubs and literary and scientific organizations. The leading club is the Peninsular, but there are other prosperous and interesting organizations that admit women to membership. One prominent club is composed of women alone. This is the Ladies' Literary Club, the building of which has already been spoken of in this article. The club has a membership of nearly 500. It was organized in 1872, and incorporated in 1882. The building was occupied in 1888, after $15,000 had been spent in construction and in the purchase of a site. Public meetings are held once a month in the auditorium, which will seat 500 people. The club deserves the success it has attained, and is worthy of imitation in many other cities both East and West. Among the other social and literary organizations are the Burns Club, which meets once a month; the Holland Scientific and Literary Society, which holds meetings twice a month; and the West Side Ladies' Literary Club, which holds discussions on literary, historical, and scientific subjects. The Kent Scientific Institute is purely a scientific society. It was organized in 1865 as an indirect successor of the Lyceum of Natural History, the meetings of which had been stopped at the time of the war. The Lyceum was not allowed to die, however, as it had on hand a collection of various valuable specimens. It was consolidated with the Kent Scientific Institute in 1868. The institute has now one of the most complete museums of natural history, mineralogy, and archæology in the West. Its meetings are held twice a month in its rooms in the Central School building. The legal and medical professions are represented by the Grand Rapids Bar Association and the Grand Rapids Academy of Medicine. The journalists maintain the Grand Rapids Press Club; and the Photographers the Photographic Club—both of which were organized in 1887. Among other organizations of a more practical character are the Grand Rapids Mercantile Association, which is composed of retail merchants; the Furniture Manufacturers' Association; the Builders' and Traders' Exchange, the Drug Clerks' Association, and the Pharmaceutical Society. There are seven building and loan associations.

Prominent among other organizations of Grand Rapids are the agricultural and horticultural societies. The pioneer body was the Kent County Agricultural Society, which was organized in 1847. The first agricultural fair was held at the Court-house Square, Grand Rapids, in 1849. It was found necessary to reorganize the society in 1857, and after that time fair-grounds were purchased and fairs were held annually. The State Pomological Society was organized at Grand Rapids in 1870. Four years later Kent, Barry, Ottawa, Mecosta, Muskegon, Ionia, Newaygo, and Allegan counties combined in the organization of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society. The West Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society was organized in 1879. It immediately leased the grounds of the Kent County Agricultural Society, and built suitable structures for exhibition purposes. The first fair, which was held in that year, was so successful that the society found it necessary to lease fourteen acres of additional ground, and to increase the number of its buildings. Annual fairs have since been held with unvarying success. One reason for the prosperity of this society is the fact that it has secured the assistance of the Kent County Agricultural Society, the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society, and the State Pomological Society, all of which have in most cases merged their exhibitions into one. The result has been that Grand Rapids has had some of the best fairs in the State of Michigan. There is now talk of a permanent exposition of considerable pretensions. The West Michigan Farmers' Club has been in existence since 1881.

There are many clubs, societies, and organizations in the city besides these that I have mentioned, but as this article can hardly take the nature of a catalogue, some of them must be left for the visitor to discover for himself. Among them are the military, veteran, and sporting organizations. Almost everybody who takes an interest in out-door sports has heard of Grand Rapids through its activity in rowing, base-ball, and bicycling. The annual regattas of the Northwestern Association are held on Reed's Lake, under the auspices of the Owashtanong Boat Club, which has done a great deal for that class of sport in the West. The Owashtanongs are not without their reward, for in addition to the high esteem in which they are everywhere held, they have a number of hard-won prizes to show for their work. The Grand Rapids Bicycle Club is one of the largest and best-equipped organizations of its kind in the West. It is noted for the number of strong, swift, and expert wheelmen that it can bring to amateur contests. The Grand Rapids Cricket Club gives good promise of effective work in the future.

In taking into consideration the various features that I have touched upon, the careful reader will be able to see that here is a city that should have an unvarying and increasing prosperity for indefinite generations to come. The city may never be as large as Chicago, because that is not within the range of possibilities, but it should be much larger than it is now, and, incidentally, much richer and more influential. There is here a basis of industry, energy, and intellectual and moral culture that can sustain a social and industrial superstructure such as the twentieth century may reasonably be expected to produce. In these days of railways and telegraphs the Atlantic seaboard can have no advantages that the West may not share. With the excellent beginning that Grand Rapids has already made, her future will be best judged by results, which is all that her people ask.

THE LATE SENATOR HEARST.

The picturesque career of Senator George Hearst, of California, illustrates the newness of our country even after more than a hundred years of self-government, and at the same time shows how possible it has been for a comparatively illiterate man to achieve great wealth and high political position within a short space of time. Though the late Senator was seventy-one years old when he died the other day in Washington, he did not begin that career which made him of public moment till he was forty-six years of age. In his boyhood and early manhood he had been a laborer on his father's farm in Missouri, to which Territory the father had emigrated from South Carolina before Missouri was admitted to the Union. Here George Hearst was born in 1820, and here he staid, working as a farm hand and in a country store, till 1850, when his ambition was stirred by the tales from across the plains of the discovery of gold in California. He joined one of the caravans for the tedious march across the desert and the mountains, and in due course the Missouri farm hand had become a gold-seeker and a companion of those hardy and adventuresome men who for forty years past have been proud to call themselves the Argonauts of '49.

For nine years or so Mr. Hearst had varying fortunes. Sometimes he was penniless, and sometimes he had a mine which paid expenses. In the summer of 1859 he went with a party of friends to the famous Comstock lode. It is related of him that on the journey thither he escaped arrest at the California line on a judgment for $40 only by the generosity of his companions, who made up the sum necessary to settle the judgment. In a short while in the Comstock he "struck it rich," to use the expressive language of the West, and obtained an interest in the property afterward so well known as the Ophir Mine. He made his way back to San Francisco to get the necessary machinery to develop the mines. While there he sold half of his interest in the property for $45,000. This was the first time he had had so large a sum, or, indeed, any considerable amount of money, as previously his had been a hard struggle from hand to mouth. The Ophir Mines were very rich, and Mr. Hearst made an ample fortune. He paid a visit to his old home about this time, and married the lady who is now his widow.

Mr. Hearst, however, did not have the wheel of fortune safely locked, with himself on top. It turned and turned, and in 1866 he had to begin over again. During all this time he had acquired great skill as a prospector of mining properties, and he was employed by Mr. J. B. Haggin and Mr. Lloyd Tevis, two gentlemen from Kentucky, who were the boldest operators on the Pacific coast. With his connection with these gentlemen began Mr. Hearst's solid success in the accumulation of money. His fortune was estimated at twenty millions, but whether it were ten millions more or less than this sum it would be hard to say. At any rate he became a very rich man. He finally became the partner of his old employer, Mr. Haggin, and the firm owned such well-known mines as the Ontario of Utah, the Homestake Series of Dakota, and the Anaconda of Montana.

Mr. Hearst did not, however, confine his attention exclusively to mining. He bought a great deal of real estate in California and elsewhere. At the time of his death he owned 40,000 acres in San Luis Obispo County, California, a ranch of 160,000 acres of grazing land in old Mexico, and a very large tract of land near Vera Cruz. His Mexican ranch is stocked with an immense herd of cattle and a fine stable of horses.

For one term, in 1865, Mr. Hearst was a member of the State Legislature. He did not appear as a candidate for public office again till 1883, when, before the Democratic State Convention, he contested with General Stoneman for the nomination for Governor. He was defeated, but won the friendship of his successful rival by generously supporting his canvass with funds and influence. When Senator John F. Miller died in 1885, the Governor appointed Mr. Hearst to the vacancy. In 1887 he was elected for the full term, which would have expired in 1893. He has not been a frequent speaker during his Senatorial career, but he has been one of the men who were always pointed out to strangers visiting the Senate gallery.

Perhaps Mr. Hearst was much better known in the East as a turfman than in any other way. He began to race horses only a few years ago, but his career all the while has been notable. The first indication of his intention to contest for honors on the turf was his purchase, three or four years ago, of the yearling colt King Thomas, by King Ban out of Maud Hampton, for the unheard-of price of $40,000. The colt had been sold a few days before, at Mr. Haggin's sale, to a shrewd firm of book-makers for $37,500. It was to this firm that Mr. Hearst paid the highest price ever given for a yearling in this country, or perhaps in the world. It is interesting to note that King Thomas has been a complete failure on the turf, and has never yet finished in the van. Indeed the Senator was uniformly unsuccessful for two years; but he was patient amid these reverses, and had the satisfaction of having his patience rewarded last season, when he had, in Tournament, the best three-year-old of the year. Tournament won during the season $70,000, and the winnings of the others in his stable brought the total up to $116,000. This placed his name high up on the list. His nominations for coming events will not be affected by his death, as a short while ago he took his son into partnership, and had the entries transferred to Hearst & Co. This was done in consequence of his illness and the experience which Mr. August Belmont's executors had in selling the race-horses in that stable. Their value was seriously impaired by being thrown out of valuable stakes on account of the death of their owner.

Mr. Hearst was a typical Californian in appearance, in manners, and in speech. There was a bluff heartiness about him which made him easy of approach. His friends were warm friends, and as he bore no malice, his enemies were few. He had no veneering of manner, and none of the deceptive polish thereof. He was only what he appeared—a strong, rough, kindly, good-hearted, and quick-witted man, who for twenty-five years has enjoyed the high regard of the people of his State and section, and worn with modest humility the well-merited sobriquet of "Honest George Hearst."

JACKSON S. SCHULTZ.

"The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave; wrung from the toil of the poor man." From the year 1837 onward many people still living in New York may remember occasionally receiving in change a one-dollar or two-dollar bill with these strange words stamped across it. And not in New York alone, for there are few things that travel from hand to hand so far or so frequently as notes and coins of the smaller denominations, and it may well have chanced that Southern planters among the canebrakes and bayous, Western pioneers out on the rolling prairies, and hardy loggers and trappers in the frozen forests of the North pored over the enigmatic message, and wondered idly what it might mean and who had set it there.

Few people even in this city can have been aware that this bitter accusation was the singular form given to his protest against the introduction of bills or certificates in place of actual coin by Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, at that time a young clerk in the leather house of Smith, Schultz, & Co., of which concern his father was a partner.

The youthful virulence and foredoomed ineffectiveness of such an opposition augured but ill for any future political importance in its inventor; yet his death on March 1st, at the ripe age of seventy-five, rounded off a career not only of uninterrupted private prosperity, but of notable public usefulness, and it will be sincerely mourned by many who knew him only as a steadfastly upright citizen, earnest in the upholding of the just demands of his fellows, relentless in his assaults on all corruption and misgovernment, unsparing of his sacrifices and exertions when any such had to be hunted down and trampled out. He earned this mead of grateful recognition and respect by many services, but in especial by the conspicuous and important part he played in securing the evidence that thoroughly established the guilt of Tweed and his notorious gang in 1872, and hurled him from the power he had so disgracefully abused into the felon's cell in which, after an abortive escape and flight to Spain, he died in 1878. This desirable ending to one of the most gigantic frauds on record was largely due to Mr. Schultz. At the great meeting held at the Cooper Institute on September 4, 1871, under the presidency of ex-Mayor Havemeyer, he was appointed one of the members of the famous Executive Committee, popularly called the Committee of Seventy, of which the Hon. Henry Stebbins was chairman, and such well-known men as William M. Evarts, Judges G. C. Barrett and James Emott, General John A. Dix, Governor Edward Salomon, etc., were willing members. All worked untiringly, but the success that crowned the efforts of the prosecution would, by common consent, have been less signal had it not been for Mr. Schultz. By the exercise of natural diplomatic gifts, and by the influence of an extensive acquaintance, he persuaded several of the accused, in especial John H. Keyser, to confess their share in the vast conspiracy of peculation, and their admissions finally sealed the fate of the whole ring. This well-justified confidence placed in Mr. Schultz was but one of many. He was for a long time on the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital, a director of the National Park Bank, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He was the first president of the reconstituted Board of Health, and he succeeded General Van Buren, in 1873, as United States Commissioner to the Vienna Exhibition. These were the sole official rewards bestowed on him, for though he was more than once talked of as future Governor or Mayor, he never contested either office, but remained satisfied with public approbation, and contented to devote his business talents to the protean firm he managed so well. Six times between 1837, when he entered as clerk, and 1884, when he withdrew into well-earned rest, the style and composition of the partnership was changed, but throughout Mr. Schultz remained stanch to the work he understood so thoroughly. The details of his somewhat unsavory trade were indeed a passion with him. He understood the minutest technicalities of the tanner's art, introduced a new process of his own invention, wrote copiously about it in the trade journals, and compiled a history and handbook of it that is still the standard work.

Seven years of affluent freedom from business cares was the deserved recompense of his private industry. An honored place in the memories of his fellow-townsmen will be that of his public beneficence.

THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.

That New York is largely indebted to its German citizens for the development and support of its music is a fact that needs no demonstration; but it is in reviewing the history of this art during the past fifty years that the extent of the German influence is best appreciated.

While the musical world of New York was listening to the filigree melodies of the Italian school, the German musician was advancing steadily and quietly, until at last he claimed New York as his. The best pianofortes to-day are made by Germans; the large music shops are under their control; the opera is sung in their language; their names appear as directors of all the large musical organizations; the music of German composers predominates on the concert programmes; and a large proportion of the artists and of the audience which goes to hear them is of this nation.

One of the organizations that has helped them to this power is the Liederkranz, the oldest German musical society in New York. This, a men's chorus club, was organized at the Shakespeare Hotel, in William Street, on January 9, 1847. At first its struggles were numerous and severe, and it changed its place of meeting probably a dozen times until 1852, when the society was established in Pythagoras Hall, in Canal Street. Here it remained and prospered until 1863, when it removed to Nos. 27, 29, and 31 East Fourth Street, between Broadway and the Bowery.

The first conductor of the Liederkranz was Mr. Agriol Pauer, who served for thirty-two years, after which he was made honorary conductor, and pensioned with a full salary until the end of his life. Thus far Mr. Pauer has had the excellent judgment to remain alive, appreciating the fact that if republics are sometimes unmindful of their faithful officers, German singing societies are not.

In 1880 the directors of the Liederkranz purchased five lots on Fifty-eighth Street, between Park and Lexington avenues, upon which their present club-house was erected. The president, Mr. William Steinway, laid the corner-stone in October, 1881, and in November of the following year the building was ready for occupancy.

In the mean time Mr. Theodore Thomas had been appointed conductor. He held this office for three years, and was succeeded by Mr. Reinhold L. Hermann, who served until 1890. The present conductor, Mr. Heinrich Zoeller, the son of Carl Zoeller, a well-known song writer of Germany, is a conductor of some celebrity. For five years previous to his arrival in New York he was conductor of the Cologne Männerchor. Under his baton the Liederkranz has accomplished its best work. At its last concert Xaver Scharwenka, Frau Marie Ritter-Gotze, and Conrad Behrens assisted, and the society performed Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Die Lorelei*, which was received with enthusiasm. At the next concert Berlioz's dramatic and choral symphony of *Romeo and Juliet* will be given. The concerts are always of the highest order, but are only accessible to the members of the Liederkranz and their friends, there being but 1200 seats in the concert-hall of the club-house.

In 1883 the membership of the society was limited to 1600, and of these there are but 130 singers. The Liederkranz also includes a chorus of 75 women, which frequently aids in the singing of part music, cantatas, etc.

For many years this society has supported a free school, in which young men and women of talent receive instruction in music and singing. This has been most successful.

The presidents of the society include Dr. Hermann Ludwig, one of its founders, who died in 1856; Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, who has served alternately with Mr. William Steinway, the latter having held this office twelve times; Mr. Richard Adams; Mr. Julius Hoffmann; General Louis Burger; and Mr. William Vigelius, its present officer.

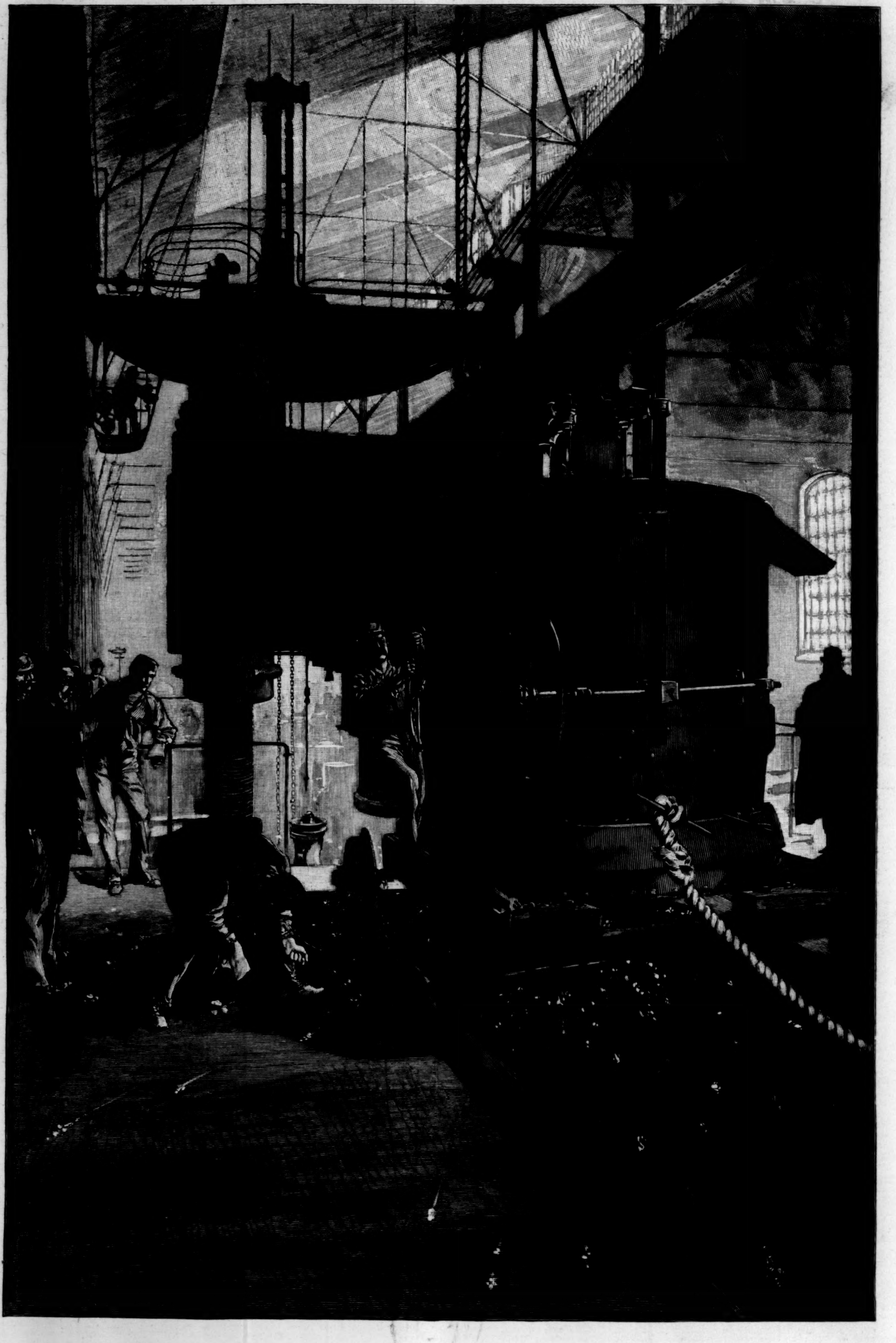
For about thirty years, according to the constitution of the society, the president of the Liederkranz cannot be re-elected until a year after the expiration of his term of service.

One of the most interesting rooms in the club-house is the Altdeutscher Kneipe (Old German Tap-room), which is furnished after the fashion of the thirteenth century. All the tankards, mugs, glasses, and various utensils and furnishings are of this period, and upon the walls quaint old verses, quotations, and proverbs are inscribed in the German language. One of the most appropriate of these, and one which greets the eye as the door is entered, is the following:

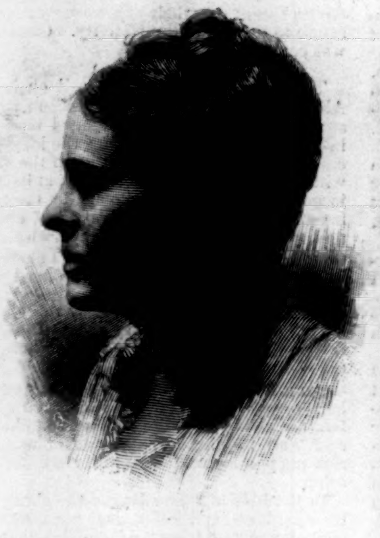
"Je schlimmer die Kneip,
Je schlimmer für Weib;
Je schlimmer das Weib,
Je schlimmer für Kneip."

Which being translated is:

"The gayer the life,
The worse for the wife;
The worser the wife,
The gayer the life."



GUN-CASTING FOR THE GOVERNMENT AT THE BETHLEHEM IRON-WORKS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 194.]

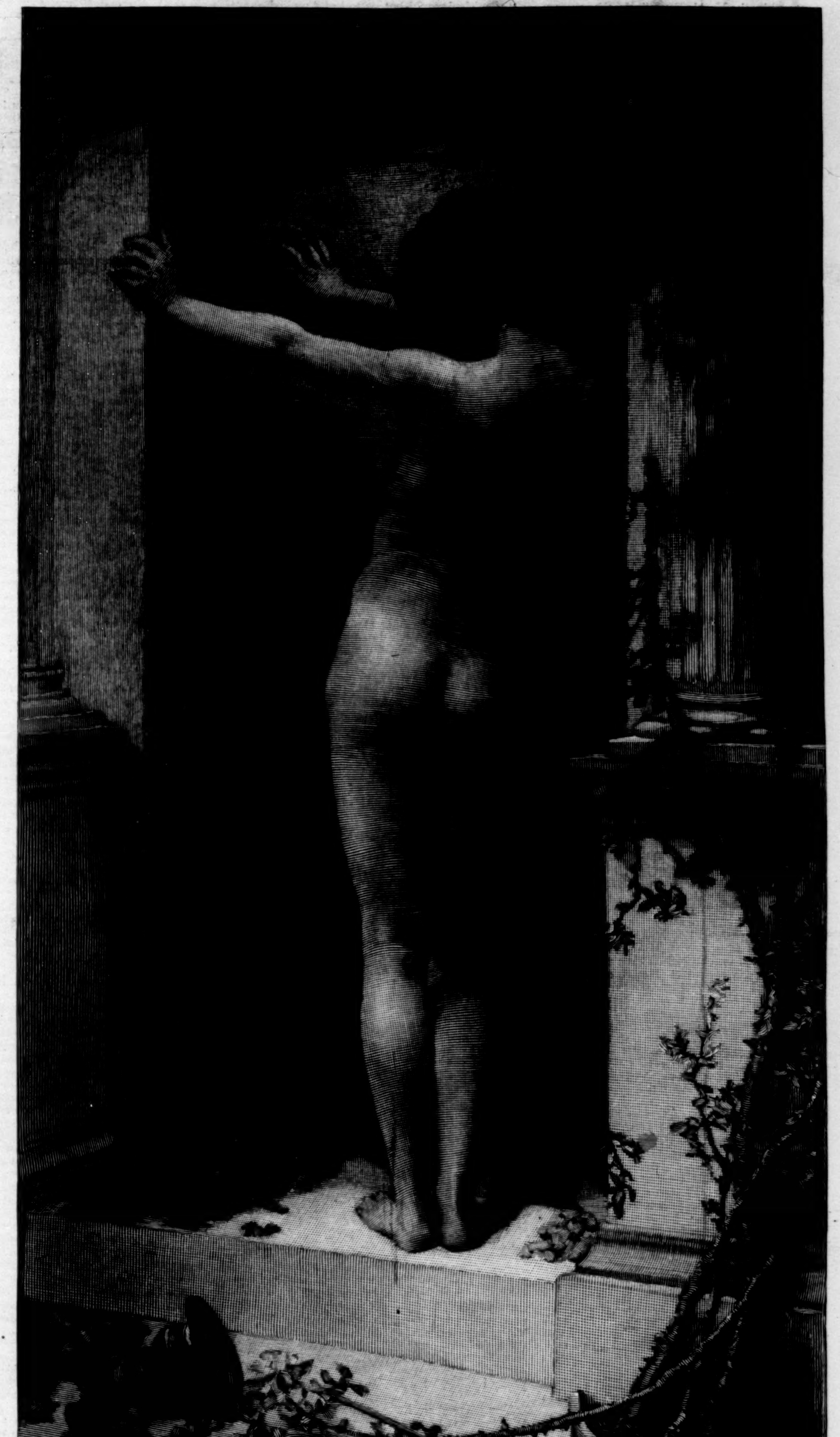


ANNA LEA MERRITT.

"LOVE LOCKED OUT."

"PLACE aux dames." With these words a decade ago one of the most able art critics of the present era introduced to the American public the etched work of Anna Lea Merritt. What was appropriate then is yet more appropriate now, for Mrs. Merritt is brought before her countrymen at this time by reason of her being the first woman whose work has been accorded the high honor of purchase by the Royal Academy of London for the Chantrey Bequest, a distinction quite the equivalent of purchase by the French government for the Luxembourg. Until this selection was announced, but few here, even among the elect, knew of the existence of this trust fund, while its foundation and purpose still remain vague. Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey, next to Nollekens the foremost of British sculptors, having amassed a considerable fortune, died November 25, 1842, childless, and by his will, after providing generously for his widow, left to the Royal Academy of London £150,000, to make adequate provision for the president, but chiefly to found the fund known as the Chantrey Bequest, for the purpose of establishing a national collection of works of painting and sculpture by the purchase of the most important examples by artists of any nation residing in Great Britain at the time of their execution. From this source the nucleus of a considerable collection has been secured, which is housed in the South Kensington Museum. It was not, however, until Mrs. Merritt's "Love Locked Out" was hung last year on the walls of the Royal Academy, after having been exhibited in this country, that a picture by a woman was thought sufficiently important to be added to the number, and we certainly have a right to be proud that that woman was an American.

Mrs. Merritt comes from old and honored Quaker ancestors in Philadelphia, and is a near relative of that profound scholar and erudite historian Dr. Henry Charles Lea. Although ladies are by common consent without the landmark of years, it may not be amiss to say that Mrs. Merritt did not begin seriously to study painting until she had reached her twenty-first year, and that for the last score of years she has been devoting herself assiduously to its pursuit. At the opening of her art career she was most fortunate in being driven from Paris to London by the approach of the Prussians, as this enforced change of residence threw her under the guidance of Henry Merritt, a true connoisseur, whom five years later she married, and whose memory she has preserved in two volumes of *Art Criticism and Romance* with personal recollections. Prior to this she had merely dilettante instruction, her first teacher being the gifted crayon draughtsman William H. Furness, Jun., who died too early to show the mature development of his art powers. It must, however, with truth be said that the early work of Mrs. Merritt did not give much promise of the remarkable development she has attained. Her success shows what unalterable determination to succeed, with earnest work and sound judgment, can accomplish, for she has secured a permanent place among the first artists of the day. Her art is essentially English, as distinguished from the modern Continental schools, and although not so fashionable in this country as the French school of to-day, is much less meretricious, and much more worthy of emulation and study.



"LOVE LOCKED OUT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ANNA LEA MERRITT.

Mrs. Merritt has a wide range, but strictly belongs to what may be called the romantic school of portrait-painters—the school of Reynolds and Greuze and Romney and Le Brun—and portraiture, it must be remembered, holds to art the same relation that biography holds to letters. She makes her portraits pictures as well, by graceful pose and attractive surroundings. Yet she can be as realistic as John Sargent, as is seen in her masterful likeness of Henry James, exhibited here last year. The hands alone in this picture are a triumph beyond the achievement of most of her contemporaries. With the Henry James were shown a number of her other works, including the original of our illustration. Among her best-known portraits from having been exhibited, all full lengths or three-quarter, are those of Mr. James Russell Lowell, Lady Dufferin, General Dix, Countess Dundonald, the mother of the late George H. Pendleton, Miss Carpenter, a young girl with a background of roses, and her sister, Miss Marion Lea, who is not unknown to the London boards as a successful actress.

Mrs. Merritt is also extremely happy in her treatment of children, a charming composition recently finished being two children of Hon. J. T. Andrews, of Massachusetts. That she is perfectly at home in treating that difficult problem, adolescence, can be seen in the illustration, which will recall with pleasure the original to all who have been so fortunate as to see it. Mrs. Merritt has just finished for the coming Royal Academy exhibition a beautiful idyl, "Donatello inspired by the Marble Faun." In the centre a nude figure of a boy playing his pipes reclines gracefully over a couchant faun, while innumerable birds and small animals, all painted in the artist's studio from life, are gathering around, attracted by the tune. To the right a funny little fox is sitting on his haunches watching curiously the unusual scene. The composition is the most important yet essayed by Mrs. Merritt, and it is sure to attract as much attention as "Love Locked Out." The canvas is an oblong, 46 by 37, and the original of the illustration is an upright, 26 by 46.

Mrs. Merritt seems to be unusually well equipped to succeed in the art she has chosen. She has a rich imagination, kept well in hand by that much-to-be-desired, difficult-to-be-defined, and constantly abused sense, *taste*, which she possesses in no small degree. Her handling of the brush is agreeable and carefully accentuated to the subject. Her poses are easy and natural; she draws correctly, models firmly, and has considerable mastery over textures, but she is at times uncertain in her use of color, which gives the impression that she is experimenting, although her late work shows very decided advance and improvement in this respect. Above all, she has real enthusiasm for her art.

Mrs. Merritt resides at Chelsea, in London, but each year visits her family in this country, and is at present in Washington, executing several commissions, among them a half-length of Mrs. General Berdan.

CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE MAD POET'S QUEST.

BY A. E. WATROUS.

IT was the wind of Christmas Eve that rattled the loose bricks in the top of the chimney of the Café Vingtvins till one of them fell down into the fireplace, and roused the Mad Poet from his doze. Since that time he had chattered incessantly, and Victor, his landlord, thought, as he leaned over the bar and soaked his bread in the *ordinaire* before he ate it, that the Mad Poet's chatter was more eerie than the Noel wind in the chimney, or the loneliness of the café on a Sunday night. For Christmas Eve came on a Sunday that year, and the Mad Poet and Victor were alone in the bar of the café, save when Clementine, the fat maid of all work, came through to get coal for a lodger or more brandy for the old major, who had been put to bed at nine o'clock, and would not go to sleep without it.

The Mad Poet, after the brick fell down the chimney, talked rapidly and wildly, save when his cough checked his breath for brief spaces, and after each of these he hurried quickly forward to make up. When the pain caught him in his breast, he put his hand over it, and told Victor that he wished to heaven that he knew whether it was in his heart or his lungs. For if it was in his lungs, he would not care, as it would give him a week to die in anyway. But if it was his heart, it might wind him up in a minute, and he should not have a chance to drink a health to Christmas when the actors who lodged in the house came home from the rehearsal of the new piece for to-morrow's matinée. For *viveur* he was born, and *viveur* he would die; which was a strange paradox, he thought, and so he had dragged himself out of bed to have a Christmas rouse with the actors. Then he coughed again, and putting his handkerchief to his mouth, looked at the red spots which appeared on it, and told Victor that there was no cause for alarm—it was only his lungs where the pain had been, and there was so little of the lungs left that there would be no place for pain there soon. Then he laughed, and said it was droll, droll indeed, that a man should have such an embarrassment of riches in the matter of things to die of. It was a race, he said, between the fever which had kept him in bed for a week, and the infernal manner in which his cardiac system struck work every now and then, and the disease which was bleeding his lungs away, as to which would carry him off first. He wished them a fair field and no favor, and he would be hanged if he cared which won.

The Mad Poet's eyes blazed while he chattered. His dry skin seemed to be stretched over his high thin nose and broad forehead like sheepskin drawn over a drum-head. He constantly tried to moisten his dry lips with an equally dry tongue, and his voice was that half falsetto of the far-advanced consumptive. Victor felt a creepy sensation as the mad wind in the chimney echoed the Mad Poet's laughter. Clementine cried and crossed herself, hearing him as she came to the bar for the major's second brandy.

"Eh, eh?" cried the Mad Poet, turning in his chair, having caught sight of the girl in the dim mirror above the battered black marble chimney-piece. "What ails thee, Clementine?" he called in French.

"Ah, m'sieu'! you tock so, and you are so seeck, and you may 'ave ze crezee again," she answered in broken English, alluding in her last speech to the delirium of the Mad Poet which had frightened her so on the day before.

"*Tais toi*," said the phlegmatic Victor, setting the major's brandy on the girl's tray. "Hurry off. Already I hear the old beast shout. He will be down."

Clementine vanished up the stairway from the basement bar, wiping her eyes.

The Mad Poet nursed his knees. "Shall I keep New-Year's, Victor?" he asked at length.

"If m'sieu' would but go to bed," replied his host, evasively.

"At least I shall not keep another Christmas," continued the Mad Poet.

"All men keep Christmas, m'sieu'. Some keep it with the Christ," replied Victor, meditatively soaking another crust in the *ordinaire*.

The landlord of the Café Vingt-Vins, though his place was not of the best repute even in the shady foreign quarter of the city, had been bred a Roman Catholic, and retained from his childhood this phrase, in which he had heard his Breton people speak at Christmas of those who had died during the year. And his lodger was as good as dead.

The Mad Poet was silent. He had heard the phrase before in his wanderings abroad through his wild youth. He had never taken it home to himself. Only the rhythm of it had struck his ear, which all men who knew his work, even the poets who lived in bowers of bric-à-brac and wrote "kid things," said was the most delicately true of all the minor singers of his time. It was one of these who, deeming him an absurd but interesting survival from the era of Pfaff's, had dubbed him Mad Poet. And he should keep next Christmas there—or elsewhere, he thought. The Mad Poet loved old forms and phrases too much to have ever had his faith in them much shaken by the sterile unbelief of modern physics. And what had Christmas been to him for years? A time of revel wilder than all other times; that was all. He felt the fever burning higher in his temples as he sat silent before the fire. Victor had gone up stairs, and stepping over to the water-pitcher, he poured ice-water on his blood-spotted handkerchief, and wrapped it around his head. All sights were dim and blurred in his eyes as he crossed the room back to his chair. There was a corpse-hued blue haze about the flickering gas jets of the fly-specked chandelier, and the three shrouded billiard tables back in the darkness at the end of the long room took the shape of huge biers. The ticking of the clock grew louder in his ears, and took on a threatening sound. The mad wind in the chimney howled further down its throat. It seemed to want but little more audacity to come in and clasp him in the room.

The Mad Poet knew the mood, he thought. He reached mechanically toward the table, patterned with muddy rings from the sloppings of absinthe and water glasses. There was no pen there, he saw. If there had been, what was there to write? Nothing. Yet he knew that shortly he should see. He felt the clarity of vision coming on. What should be the object on which his glance should fall?

It was a little boy running along a broad street. The child was befurred and tippeted, for there was snow on the pavement, which muffled the clatter of the carriage wheels rolling along between the grand brownstone-fronted houses. The little boy had red cheeks and shining eyes, and his tight-fitting little overcoat bulged out at the side with some treasure, of which the mittened little hands now and then ascertained the safety with cautious fumbles.

The Mad Poet's cough caught his breath again for a moment. He lost sight of the child. He looked up. The corpse-blue haze about the lights seemed to fill the room. He closed his eyes. Again he felt the prescience.

The child was in a meaner street when he next saw him. He ran, slapping his tiny hands for warmth against his little chest, up a high stoop in the mean street, and standing on the tiptoes of his little overshoes, pulled with all his small might at the highest of three bell knobs. The door opened. A woman's face appeared at it. It was arch and sweet, and looked down with an amused smile of pride and love at the red-cheeked eager little man on the threshold. A small glad voice piped, "My pretty mother!" and the little figure disappeared through the doorway, with the arch sweet face bending down to the red little cheeks.

"I was let to dinner last night," the same glad voice piped again, "and I have brought you an orange from dessert." It was in a room now, a room which seemed more strangely bare for the litter of bright dresses strewn about the chairs and bed. "Grandma says I must not go to the theatre with you this afternoon, but after you are through there you may take me out to see the Christmas Eve, and I must be home by eight." There were tears and smiles at once upon the arch sweet face. It bent again to the red little cheeks, and the small voice was wondering and sorrowful when it said, "My pretty mother, what makes you cry?"

The corpse-blue haze had vanished when the Mad Poet opened his eyes, but all was so far, far off. It was like looking at things through an inverted glass, and every moment the glass grew smaller. It was strange how distinct the ticking of the clock was when it was so faint. It must be a mile away. The Mad Poet rose.

Patrolman Mullany of the Prince Street station stopped, a huge white snow-clad shape, at the door of the Café Vingt-Vins. He revolved in his mind the question of tapping at the door. The thought deterred him that perhaps he had had drink enough. Then the door concerning which he cogitated flew suddenly open. A stout girl with flaxen braids down her back rushed out into the storm, and clasped the skirts of Patrolman Mullany's snowy great-coat.

"Oh, M'sieu' Mulannie! 'ave you see M'sieu' Ralph? 'E 'ave ronned away," wept Clementine.

"Oh, I see him," replied the policeman, scornfully, "jist as I've seed him before often enough, runnin' down the street towards University Place without seein' anybody at all. He's wild drunk."

"*Ah ciel!*"—the girl wrung her hands in the driving snow which clustered in frosty diamonds on her flaxen hair—"he not dronk! he seeck! he crezee! Ah, pursue him, M'sieu' Mulannie!"

"It's 'most midnight," replied the policeman. "I'll turn in a general alarm when I go off at twelve. They know his description well enough at the station-house." He laughed at his joke, and tramped on through the snow.

Yes, it was nearly midnight. Metropolitan Christmas Eve festivities, retarded somewhat by the falling of the day on a Sunday, were beginning to be observed. Cabs with noisy occupants had been flitting through Clinton Place for half an hour. Foot-passengers were more frequent and more mirthful than they had been. As the girl turned toward the path of light which the open doorway cast on the snow, five wild shapes came dancing and singing, arm in arm, along the sidewalk. The girl knew them for customers of the café who had some acquaintance with Ralph Wolsey. There was the red-headed law clerk, the blue-eyed young bucket-shop gambler, the two noisy students from the Physicians and Surgeons, and the dark thin fellow who painted plaques. They all lived around the corner in Neilson Place, and as they danced along the snow, being incited to saltation by the observance of certain Christmas Eve rites in the law clerk's room, they sang the wild music of a song which was in great vogue that Christmas-time—the farandole of Audran. Clementine thought, as they danced past her, of asking them to search for Ralph. But Victor called angrily to her from the bar. He had trouble enough with the lodger in the house, without running after him into the snow. Clementine was wanted, for customers would soon be arriving at the bar. Christmas was coming in.

"Little West Twelfth—Little West Twelfth," said the man to himself who ran westward in the storm. He would keep straight on through Clinton Place and Greenwich Avenue, for he knew the house was somewhere adjacent to the latter. He had never come this way before. He did not know how he had got so far down-town. He must have lost himself in the lights of Madison Square, and kept straight on down Broadway, instead of turning west on Twenty-third Street. He had never been out so late alone before; and, oh, what would his grandmother say when she knew he had slipped away to see his mother, who was an actress, and sang in those new French plays they called *bouffes*, and whose husband, her son, had died after he had made his *mésalliance*—from shame, the grandmother always said. But he wanted to hear her sing in the church. They had promised him that a year ago, when they would not let him go to hear her in the wonderful service which was always held in the great church of St. Aloysius just at midnight Christmas Eve. It was late, and he had lost so much time by taking the wrong road, as he must have done, confused by the lights of the great square. Still he must be in time to go with her. So he ran along the pavements, the swinging signs over the shabby shops, which had once been palaces of merchant princes, groaning in the wind above him, like gallows chains, he thought, shuddering, in the stories he had had read to him. He must be in time, he thought, and, oh no, he was not cold. He thought he had never been so warm before. He looked at all the corner street lamps as he ran along. He was glad he could read so plainly now, else he might not have been able to find his way. "My pretty mother," he said to himself, with a smile. "She will be frightened when I come." At last, looking up through the drifting snow, he saw the gold and black letters, "Little West Twelfth." His heart leaped. Oh, if he was in time! He gained the high stoop. Somehow it was changed. It puzzled him a little. The railing had not been broken that he remembered. And the bell knobs! One was missing—the lowest one—and another dangled by its wire. The third one was intact, and he was glad.

A window went up with a bang in answer to two impatient peals.

"Oh, Mrs. Flynn!" he began, eagerly, "where is my mother? Has my mother gone to church yet? Please tell me quick, Mrs. Flynn."

The window went down again with another bang and a muttered reference to the police and holiday drunkards.

The figure on the stoop trembled, and burst out, sobbingly: "Oh, I wish she'd tell me! I wish she wouldn't be so cross! Oh, my pretty mother, she must have gone!"

Far in the east arose a wild joyous clangor of bells that floated weirdly on the wind into the snowy street.

The figure ran down the steps, crying, "Oh dear! oh dear! those must be the chimes she said they rang when Christmas came, and it's clear to Fortieth Street, and I couldn't ask grandma for any money."

The wild apparition of a man with burning eyes and strained, pallid face startled the late passenger under the street light at the corner an instant afterward. Again the chimes of Grace tossed out their clamorous midnight salute to the day of the Nativity. Christmas was coming in.

The midnight service was well on in St. Aloysius, the great temple of ritualism, which stood over against the abandoned reservoir in Fortieth Street. Long since the long processional had passed, chanting, up the aisle, with the gaunt-faced ascetic rector at its head in gorgeous vestments, followed by the trailing column of priests, deacons, and choristers, their hands all folded prayerwise over their robes of white and red. The lights blazed now upon the chancel thronged with the celebrants, and the church crowded with worshippers and sight-seers to the Gothic doors. There was a heavy scent of incense in the air. The last wreaths of it hung in the vaulted roof. The great coronal over the altar, the sacred candles upon it, and the long rows of lights down the pillared aisles fell on stained windows and illuminated roof, and kindled awful lights among the rich purples and crimsons of ecclesiastic coloring.

In the hidden recess beside the chancel a trumpet blew, and a thousand kneeling men and women rose from the stone floor as one. There was a little commotion in the crowd near one of the side doors. A velvet-caped verger with a long staff stepped that way. There was quiet again, for the man who had caused the disturbance by pushing through the throng had gained his point of reaching the front, and the anthem began. People looked askance at the man, for his face was rigidly set. There was a flush in his cheeks not born of the cold outside. His eyes stared fixedly at the recess beside the chancel, and they seemed like ice with fire behind them.

"O come, all ye faithful!" choired the basses, and the little alto boys in their high sweet trebles piped "Joyful and triumphant," and the organ thundered and the trumpet called above the blended current of sound, "O come ye to Bethlehem!"

But he who stood in the front of the crowd at the side door hardly heard them. His hot eyes were fixed on the recess beside the chancel, where the women singers stood he knew—for women were not allowed in the chancel of St. Aloysius—and with feverish breath he waited while the anthem swept along its mighty way.

Clear above all sounds at last it rose—bird-like in its soaring, bird-like in its winged rest on the very crest of the tossing waves of melody, dipped in the spray of sound sometimes, but always clear of the sea. "Yea, Lord, we greet Thee," sang the high soprano, and then from the front of the crowd at the side door came a wild sobbing voice,

"Oh, that isn't my mother!"

Onward the anthem swept. "O come, let us adore Him!" choired the basses, and the tenors and the child trebles answered, "O come, let us adore Him!"

Meantime the man who had stood in the front of the crowd was being led out by the velvet-caped verger with the staff. He made no resistance, but followed trembling, and choking back his sobs. He did not speak, but at the door he burst out: "I must go back. I wonder where she is?"

And behind him in the great blazing church the bassos shouted forth again, "O come, let us adore Him!" And the wailing tenors, the childish trebles, and the threatening trumpet, the thundering organ and the bird-like soprano over it all, "O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

It was the midnight noon of Sixth Avenue when the man who had startled the worshippers of St. Aloysius turned into it. Myriads of electric lights on the snow made it as bright as day. Overhead crashed the aerial trains on their high tracks. The bells jingled beneath them of horses drawing the slow street cars, heavy with loads of noisy passengers. Carriages rattled to and fro, from bar to café, from café to music hall, from music hall—the Silver Grill. Thousands strolled the street, singing, larking, shouting "Merry Christmas!" to one and all. Through them ran the man from St. Aloysius. His mind was numb. He had no thoughts. He had one feeling only—of heart-break. He could not find her. Her face grew dim in his mind's eye as he slackened his pace at Thirtieth Street.

A coupé stopped at the lighted door of a restaurant as he halted on the corner. A woman stepped out. The otter hem of her seal-skin cloak touched the snow. Her eyes and cheeks were alight and aglow with holiday spirit. A gray-mustached old man followed her, and she bore a blinking Skye terrier in her arms.

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph," she cried, catching sight of the man on the corner, "see my Christmas! See what the commodore gave me!" She held the sleepy Skye between her slender hands gloved in long mousquetaires up to the gaze of the man who had been turned out of St. Aloysius. The dog began to bark. A look of distrustful wonder came into the man's face. It was in some dream that he had seen this woman, or some woman like her, before. It was a bad dream.

Somehow he felt that she had done him ill. He felt a shrinking. She was something evil; he did not know what. But he was filled with fear for a moment that his mother might somehow pass and see her speaking to him on the street. He turned and fled on southward, leaving the woman, with her face alight, still holding out the barking Skye above the snowy pavement in the glare of the restaurant windows.

What was the cold he felt? His feet faltered as he turned a corner and kept on. The chill clutched at his very heart. Where was she, oh! where was she? If he could find her and her little room, where the fire was, she would hold his hands before it and warm them, and stroke his head, and cry, and scold him, and put him between the snowy sheets of her bed; and in the morning he would wake and see her smiling at him with her sweet soft eyes beneath her waving hair—her hair that waved in "crinkles," as he called them. Oh, he was so cold! Was she home? and where had she been? and would Mrs. Flynn let him in if his mother was not there?

Thinking this as he ran, he saw a great open space broadening before him. There were wide paths through the snowy grass of it, and benches. He staggered to a seat. It was strange, but he was warmer now. A genial heat seemed to spread upward from within him. Yes, he would go to Little West Twelfth Street when he had rested a moment in this pleasant warmth, and he would find her, and she would not mind. The internal warmth grew to a prickly heat, and he felt that there was something in his mouth. He spat it out. There was a great stain of red upon the bench.

What a rollicking lilt there was in the merry music that came driving with the storm down curving Broadway! What weird figures the five made dancing through the snow! Oh, those mad wags from Neilson Place! They had danced through all the town, and now, still abreast, still arm in arm, they were dancing homeward in the Christmas morning, still singing Maître Audran's gay Provençal score with all the abandon of Avignon. Still dancing, still singing, they whirled into Madison Square.

"Ah ha!" cried the red-headed law clerk, spying the bench. "What have we here?"

"Some brother a little more overcome than ourselves," hiccoughed the thin painter of plaques.

The taller of the two medical students stepped toward the prostrate man on the bench. Then he dropped on one knee in the snow. "It's the man from Victor's—Wolsey—and blood!" he cried. "Run, you fools—it's a hemorrhage! Get some salt, quick!"

His four comrades plunged out wildly toward the hotel lights that fringed the square. The medical student remained kneeling by the bench.

The Mad Poet's eyes were wild and hot no longer as he opened them, but mild and clear, and with a winning thanks within them that those who knew him said no man nor woman had ever resisted. His voice came in a whisper from beneath his dabbled beard. "I thought—I was—a—little child," he gasped. "I went to—find my—mother—who—is dead."

There was a crystal on the face above him which did not come from melted snow.

"Never mind, old man," said the man whose arm supported him. "Don't talk. We'll pull you through."

A look of fright and horror came into the Mad Poet's face at the cheery mention of that which is known as life.

"Oh—no!" he gasped; "not—that. I have seen—what it was—my life." He stopped speaking, and smiled. That same warmth he had felt within him before, he felt again. Oh, sweet arch face! oh, kindly smile! bending, bending. "My pretty mother," he whispered. The blood, welling, stopped his speech.

The five figures took off their hats and stood uncovered in the snow.

They swept away the stains before the people passed through the square to church that Christmas morning. The usual Christmas revels went on down-stairs in the Café Vingtvins, though five customary participants were missed from them, and Clementine went about the house with reddened eyes and a swollen face. In the third story front there was a sheet stretched over a form upon the bed; and one who saw it, and knew the story, thought—his notions of the life here and hereafter being perhaps more poetic than precise—that not in the church, but in the company of St. Aloysius, he had heard his mother sing.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

BY EDWARD A. DITHMAR.

Lawrence Barrett has secured an enviable position in an exalted walk of life. His title to the esteem of his fellow-men has been approved. His ability to do certain things uncommonly well is generally recognized. How far the ambition that has sustained him in his arduous career has been realized cannot be told until his actual hopes and aspirations have been made known, when the measure of his toil may be compared with the measure of its compensations. I have no doubt, though, that many of his contemporaries think him a very lucky man, which is not true. He has never been a favorite of fortune. Chance has never thrown any gifts in his way. He has fought against heavy odds for every leaf in his wreath of golden laurels; his life has been one of unremitting toil; he has encountered bitter disappointments that would have discouraged a man less earnest and self-reliant; he has grappled bravely with poverty and disease; he has lived down the effect of tomes of adverse criticism. The true narrative of his life is scarcely less amazing to readers of this practical era than the fabled account of the tests of Herakles.

The son of a poor unlettered Irish immigrant, Lawrence Barrett got his first acquaintance with the stage as a call-boy in a country theatre. At the age of fourteen years he could barely read and write. He had no advantages; he secured no advancement through favoritism. Yet to-day the multitude, of its own accord, regards him as a scholar among actors, an actor who is a fit companion of scholars. Whatever the extent of Mr. Barrett's learning may be, it is not expressed ostentatiously; he is not fond of using Latin quotations in common conversation, like Edmund Kean, whose supposititious learning is proclaimed by his amiable biographer, Hawkins. On the contrary, this popular estimate of the acquired knowledge and cultivation of Mr. Barrett is based solely upon the popular estimate of the value of his work, and the impression made by his manner of producing plays and his acting in them. What an actor knows or does not know, apart from the knowledge necessary to the practice of his art, really concerns the public at large as little as the conduct of his private life. But the fact that the great public has decided for itself that Lawrence Barrett is a man of much learning is significant. The intellectual force of the actor has been the most potent factor in forming his reputation.

Mr. Barrett is a very good actor of very many characters, and he has produced appropriately many good plays. Contemporary judgment of an artist's worth and achievements is not to be blindly trusted. In the case of an actor the purely personal quality in his impersonations is often confounded with the art employed in them. Mr. Barrett, for instance, is generally held to be a great actor of certain parts to which he is obviously well fitted by temperament and physical bearing, while in other characters which he acts equally well, so far as the employment of the symbols of his art is concerned, he is not so well liked, and rarely receives his due share of praise. His splendid Cassius, a part for which he seems to have been made, has its full measure of admiration. But Cassius does not fairly represent the sum of Mr. Barrett's labors, although it is not likely that the stage has ever known a finer performance of the subtle Roman. He has never satisfied the popular ideal of Romeo, while there are very few other living actors who can play that part so well as he, with an equal degree of appreciation, elocutionary skill, and dramatic force. He is, in short, a man of strong and peculiar individuality, physical as well as mental. Such an actor is sure to be associated in the public mind with a few parts, to the detriment of his reputation for versatility. But Mr. Barrett deserves to be known as a versatile actor as well as an intellectual, zealous, and nobly ambitious one.

He will be fifty-three years old the 4th of next April. He was not yet nineteen when, in January, 1857, he made his first appearance in New York at the Chambers Street Theatre, which had just been abandoned by Burton, supporting a novice, Mrs. McMahon, in the rôles of Sir Thomas Clifford, the Stranger, Ingomar, Claude Melnotte, Lord Townly, and Armand Duval. He was too young for so heavy a task, of course, although he had been an actor four years, but his manner of performing it pleased Burton, who engaged him to play small parts at his new house, afterward called Winter Garden Theatre. In the autumn of 1862–3, when Mr. Barrett returned to New York, after an absence of four years, he had risen fairly to the dignity of "leading man," and played important parts at Winter Garden, in the support of Edwin Booth, John S. Clarke, Mary Provost, Lucille Western, and Mrs. Bowers. In 1864, when, in association with Lewis Baker, he managed the old Varieties Theatre in New Orleans, then under military government, he first acted Hamlet, Richelieu, and Eliot Grey, in Lester Wallack's romantic play called *Rosedale*. He went to England for the first time in 1867, and after his return, in December of that year, journeyed by the sea route to San Francisco, where he appeared February 18, 1869, at Maguire's Opera-House, as Hamlet. For twenty months from January 18, 1869, he managed, in partnership with John McCullough, the newly built California Theatre. In the summer of 1870 he acted Cassius for the first time in New York, at Niblo's. He had played this part when he was seventeen years old. In the revival of *Julius Cæsar* at Niblo's, Edward L. Davenport was Brutus, and Walter Montgomery was Marc Antony.

At Booth's Theatre the next winter he acted Laertes, Othello, and De Mauprat to the Hamlet, Iago, and Richelieu of Edwin Booth, and Leontes in a beautiful revival of *Winter's Tale*. He first acted James Harebell in *The Man o' Airlie*, by W. G. Wills (taken from the German of Karl von Holte), at Booth's, June 5, 1871. In December of that year Mr. Barrett undertook the management of the new Varieties Theatre in New Orleans, with a five years' lease, remaining in New York, however, to act Cassius in Mr. Booth's splendid revival of *Julius Cæsar*. He appeared in his own theatre, beginning March 4, 1872, as Hamlet, Raphael in *The Marble Heart*, Alfred Evelyn in *Money*, Richelieu, Shylock, Richard III., Dazzle in *London Assurance*, Badger in *The Streets of New York*, Cassius, Manuel in *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*, Harebell, and Romeo. He did not personally control the Varieties Theatre after that season. He first acted King Lear in New Orleans, January 30, 1874. In the autumn of 1875 he was again seen at Booth's, then managed by Jarrett & Palmer, in Cassius, Lear, and the title rôle in *Daniel Druce, Blacksmith*, a domestic drama by W. S. Gilbert.

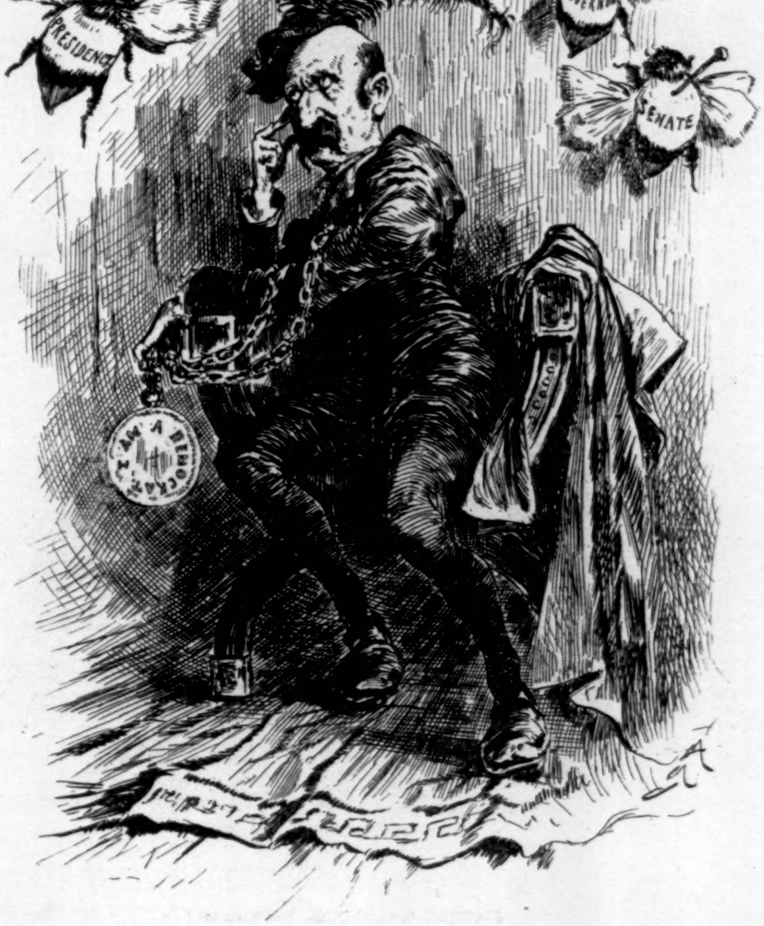
Mr. Barrett produced, in Cincinnati, October 11, 1877, *A Counterfeit Presentment*, an original play by William Dean Howells; in Cleveland, October 26, 1878, *Yorick's Love*, an adaptation by Mr. Howells of a Spanish play by Estebados; in Chicago, November 28, 1881, *Pendragon*, a tragic play in verse, founded on the Arthurian legends, by William Young; in Philadelphia, September 11, 1882, *Francesca da Rimini*, a tragic play in verse by George H. Boker, that had not been acted for nearly a quarter of a century. In the spring of 1884 he appeared at the Lyceum Theatre, in London. After his return, the next autumn, he added to his repertory *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, by Robert Browning, and *The King's Pleasure* (*Gringoire*), by Theodore de Banville. In the winter of 1885–6 he revived James Kenney's English version of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, and Mrs. Centlivre's comedy called *The Wonder*, reduced to three acts, while he gave up a large part of the ensuing season to Mary Mitford's pompous tragedy of *Rienzi*. He produced in Chicago, October 9, 1889, *Ganelon*, a four-act tragic play in verse, by William Young, the representations of which were interrupted by the actor's illness. *Guido Ferranti*, a tragic play in five acts, written in verse, by Oscar Wilde, was produced by Mr. Barrett in New York, January 26, 1891. In the autumn of 1886 Mr. Barrett became the manager of Mr. Booth's tours, and in the seasons of 1887–8, 1888–9, the two actors appeared together in *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and other plays. They are acting together, also, for a few weeks, at the present time.

This is the barest summary of the most important incidents in a remarkably active career, and it conveys no adequate idea, of course, of the tremendous amount of energy that he has expended to obtain and to keep his position on the stage, or of the extent of the influence exerted by him upon his contemporaries. He has been compelled to pass most of his time travelling from city to city. In the West he has always been a popular favorite.

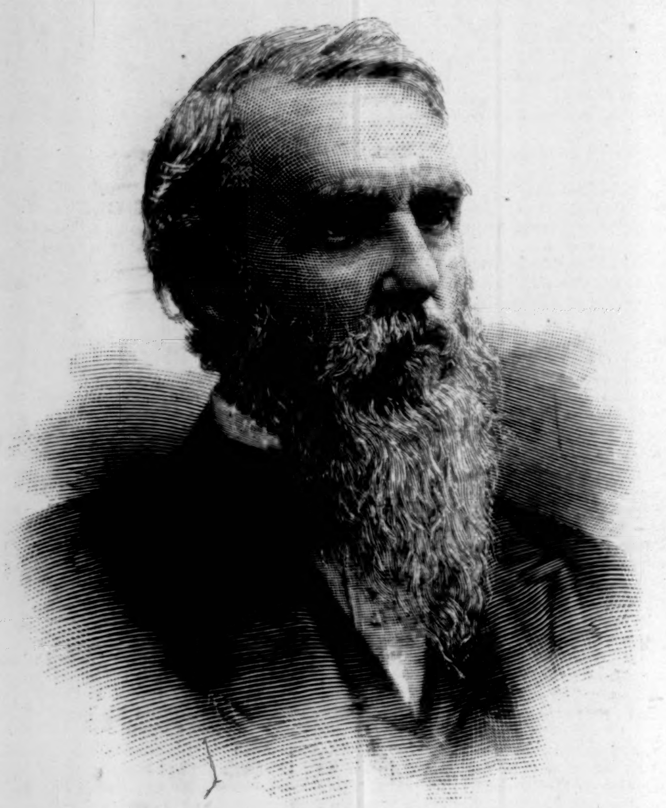
His best part, judged from every point of view, is Cassius. There is not a false tone in that vivid, forceful, thoroughly human portrayal. In recent years his impersonation of Lanciotto of Rimini, the deformed soldier, in the late Mr. Boker's play, has had a strong hold on the popular fancy. There are passages of simple pathos and profound beauty in his acting of the neglected poet Harebell. He plays Yorick, the jester changed to Nemesis, with a crescendo of passionate fury that never fails of effect. His performance of Shylock is one of the best of this time; and his Hamlet is interesting, and much more than that, but it is marred by finicky "business" and unaccustomed "readings," which seem to me to serve no other purpose than to convince folks that it is not a copy of Booth's Hamlet. He defines sharply the traits of Cardinal Richelieu in Bulwer's theatrical play, in which his acting is picturesque and powerful. What has been said of his Romeo applies equally well to his acting of many other characters in the Shakespearian repertory. He does not fit the popular ideal of the lover, or easily reach the heroic height in tragedy; but he is a good actor of fine instinctive feeling, who knows the effect of every pose and tone of the voice and every change of feature, and easily outstrips all of his contemporaries, except a very few, in scenes of great dramatic force. The poetical beauty of his performance of Gringoire, the starving stroller in De Banville's little play, was appreciated all the more after we had seen Coquelin's admirable, accurate, thoroughly real portrayal of this part. In prose comedy Mr. Barrett acts with a lightness of touch and an easy elegance of demeanor that surprise persons who have known him only in tragic rôles, although his forte is not the expression of humor. His David Garrick and Don Felix, however, are performances well worth seeing.

In reviewing the incidents of his career one is strongly impressed by his steadfast loyalty to high artistic principles. In the face of adversity he has never wavered from his convictions. Mr. Barrett is not a poor man now, but he is not wealthy. He might have so used his powers as to accumulate a large fortune. If he has not always been able to reach his ideal, he has kept it ever in view, and although he has been compelled to do his share of self-advertising—for the actor cannot live at all without notoriety—he has never seriously offended good taste even in that. Lawrence Barrett's is a name to be honored.

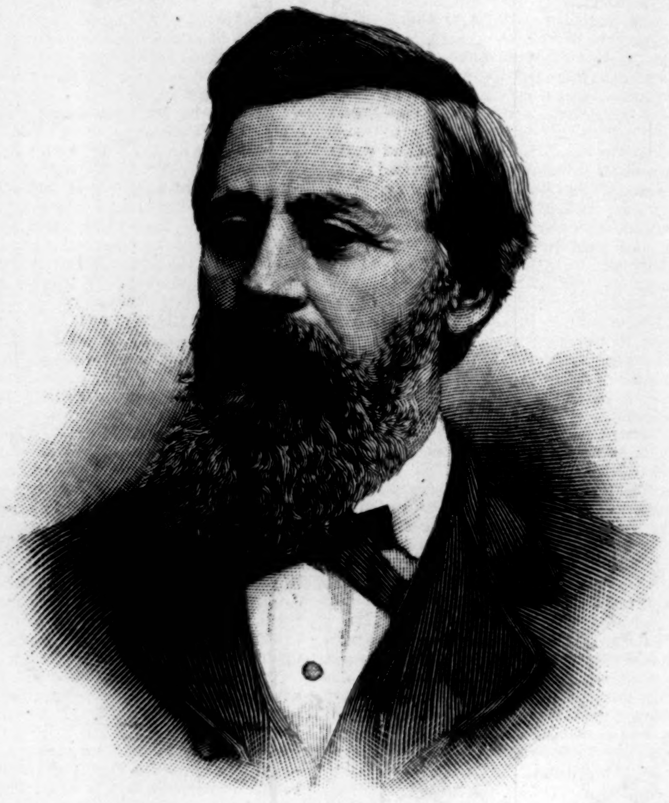
Mr. Sargent's portrait of the actor, which accompanies this account of Mr. Barrett's career, has lately been hung in the club-house of The Players on Gramercy Park. It was exhibited at the autumn Academy last November, and attracted as much attention as any portrait in the galleries. There was a great deal of discussion about it, for Mr. Sargent and his manner of painting are topics of the hour. Some persons thought the likeness of Mr. Barrett was not true, but they were probably the kind of folks who are charmed by Academic smugness and smoothness in portraits. It is certain that Mr. Barrett does not seem in the Sargent portrait to be sitting bolt-upright and trying to look pleasant while the artist catches the expression. No one ever knows just when Sargent catches the expression. The picture has been triumphantly submitted to the severest test. The members of The Players know Mr. Barrett well. They have seen him in many moods, under many lights, and understand him, and they have had the portrait placed where it will be always in their sight.



"TWO BEES, OR ONE BEE, THAT IS THE QUESTION."



SENATOR GEORGE HEARST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



COLONEL HENRY W. BLAIR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 194.]

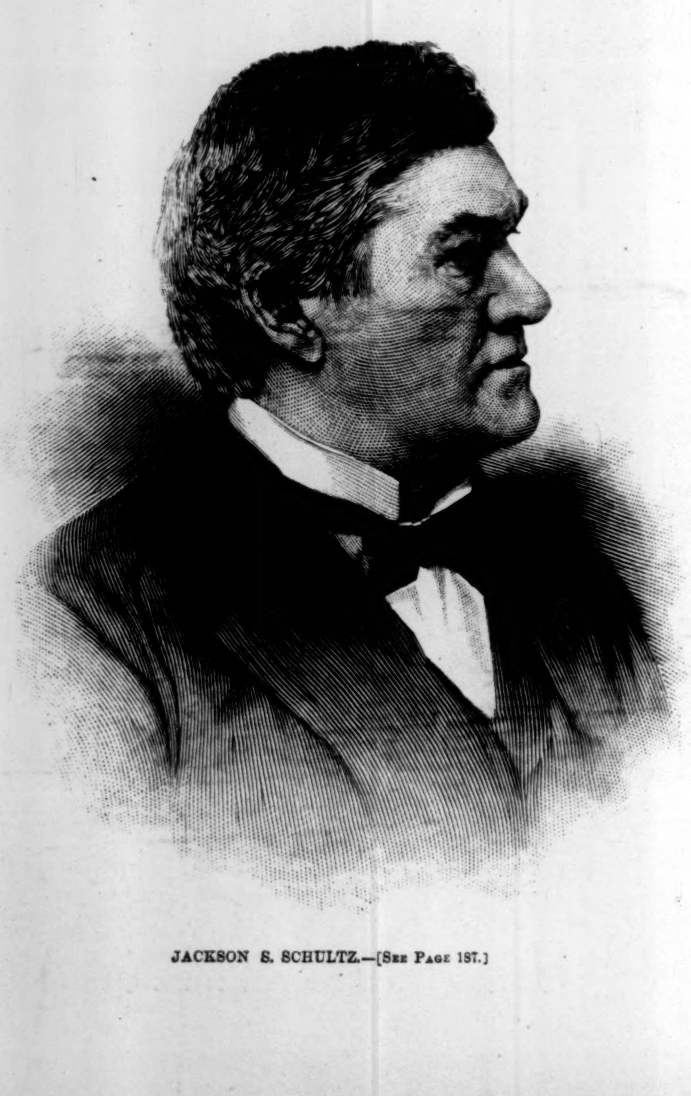
MR. LEONARD W. JEROME.

MR. LEONARD W. JEROME, who has just died at Brighton, in England, was one of the best-known and best-liked men in New York. The present generation knew Mr. Jerome only as a patron of the turf, and during the last twenty-five years he found his chief occupation in conducting the several racing associations which he founded. But for the twenty-five years previous to that he led a full and busy life in a more serious way. Seventy-four years ago he was born of Huguenot ancestry in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York. His grandfather was a Presbyterian preacher, and his father a farmer of the better class. Mr. Jerome, when he was fourteen, entered Princeton, where two brothers had preceded him, but he did not finish the course. Later, however, he went to Union College, from which he was graduated when he was nineteen. He then studied law in Albany, and at twenty-two was admitted to the bar. In partnership with his uncle, Judge Jerome, he practised law for several years in Rochester. But the profession was not congenial, and he abandoned it to establish, in partnership with his brother Lawrence—known and loved for a generation in two continents as "Uncle Larry"—a newspaper called the *Native American*.

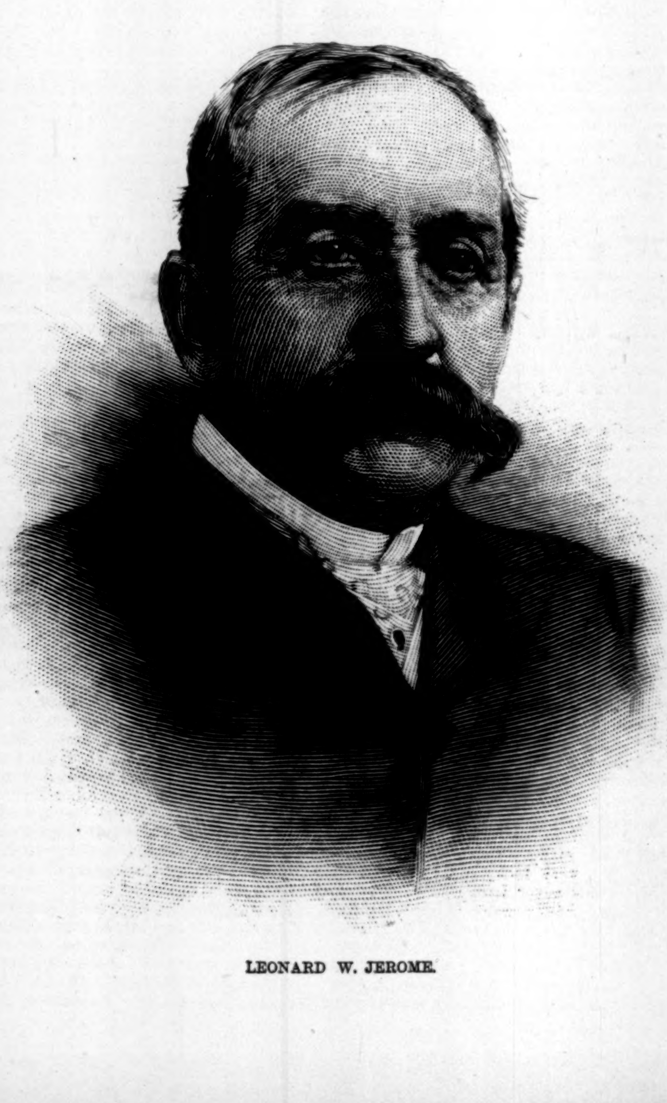
This paper was prosperous, and a vigorous exponent of Whig doctrines. Mr. Fillmore rewarded the editors by making Lawrence Collector of the Port in Buffalo, and Leonard Consul at Trieste. The next administration was Democratic, and the Jeromes became private citizens again. Both of the brothers then came to New York and entered into speculation. Leonard Jerome in 1857 became the partner of the late William R. Travers. This firm was enormously successful in its various operations, and before the breaking out of the war Mr Jerome was called the "King of Wall Street," and his comings and goings were heralded as though he were a royal sovereign.

His good fortune was almost uninterrupted until in 1862 he was swindled out of $500,000 by the State Treasurer of Indiana. This official borrowed half a million from Mr. Jerome upon bonds which the State refused to acknowledge as genuine. A few years later he suffered another severe loss by the depreciation of the value of the shares of the Pacific Mail Company. He now retired from Wall Street speculation, but he still had an ample fortune. During the time of his greatest prosperity he was an enthusiastic supporter of the Union. He owned the New York *Times*, of which, at that time, Henry J. Raymond was editor. He organized and paid the expenses of the first great Union mass-meeting at the Academy of Music. He was treasurer and the largest contributor to the Union Defence Committee, and his name led every subscription fund in favor of the Union cause. He founded the fund in aid of the families of citizens killed in the draft riots. He was not only liberal in all these public ways, but his private benevolence was large and unfailing. At this time no man in New York was more popular or less envied, and his services were patriotic to a high degree.

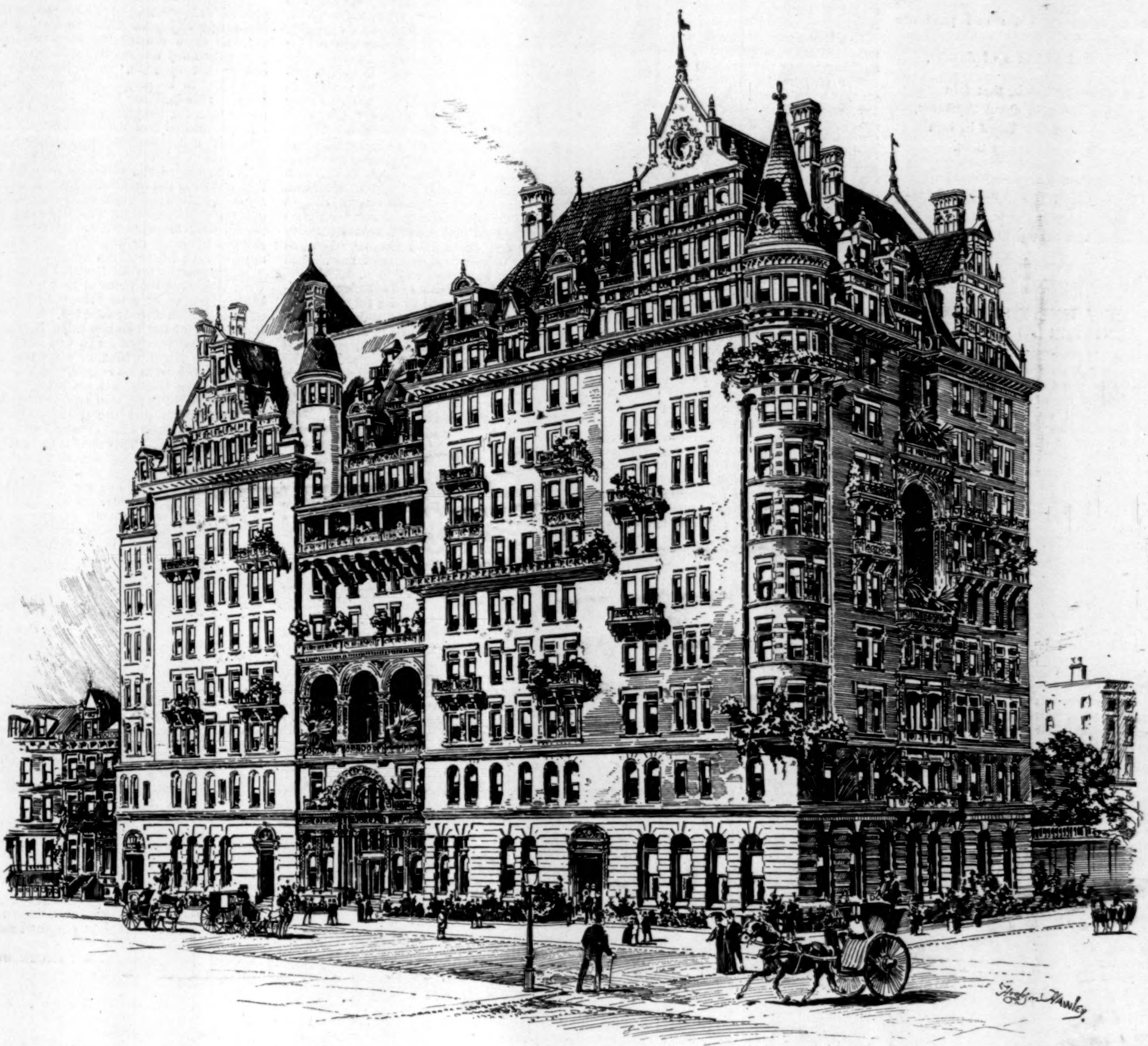
After retiring from active business, Mr. Jerome's time was chiefly occupied with racing affairs. Before his retirement he had laid the plans for that famous race-track known as Jerome Park, which was the home of the American Jockey Club for some twenty years. The establishment of this park and the formation of the Jockey Club caused the revival of reputable racing in the East. Mr. Jerome was not very successful as an owner or breeder of race-horses, but he founded three of the most noted race-courses in the world. The administration of the affairs of the American Jockey Club changed a few years ago, and Mr. Jerome was not pleased. In association with Mr. Travers, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and others, he founded the Coney Island Jockey Club, and built the well-known course at Sheepshead Bay. A little while ago it became evident to Mr. Jerome that the course at Jerome Park would have to be given up. With much energy he went to work to build another course in Westchester County. He enlisted Mr. Morris, the man who has made so many millions out of his share in the Louisiana Lottery, in the enterprise, and the result is Morris Park and the New York Jockey Club, of which Mr. Jerome was the



JACKSON S. SCHULTZ.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



LEONARD W. JEROME.



HOTEL WALDORF.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley after the Architect's Designs.

first President. He resigned after the first meeting. He was President of the Coney Island Jockey Club at the time of his death.

Mr. Jerome was at one time an enthusiastic yachtsman. He owned the *Undine*, and later the *Restless*. He was joint owner with Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the *Dauntless*. His steam-yacht *Clarita* was not a success, and he gave up the sport.

In early life he married Miss Clarissa Hall, the sister of Mrs. Lawrence Jerome. They had three daughters, all of whom married Englishmen. The eldest married Mr. Moreton Frewen; the second, Lord Randolph Churchill; and the third, Captain Leslie, of the Guards, the oldest son of Sir John Leslie, Baronet.

The residence which Mr. Jerome built for himself and family in Madison Square was at the time the most sumptuous in New York. It is now the property of Lady Randolph Churchill, and is occupied by the University Club. It was previously occupied by the Union League and the Turf clubs.

THE WALDORF.

In the abstract the critical faculty when applied to architectural composition might be indifferent to the utilitarian idea, and yet the one of fitness, appropriateness, cannot be overlooked. It is obvious that you may not design a prison like a theatre, nor a minster like a mart, simply because the usage of each building is fitted for its peculiar requirements. An edifice, then, is endowed with a certain individuality.

In the hotel construction of to-day a better taste, though it has no liking for what is unattractive, discredits the gorgeous. Where in a vast city there is put under a single roof, as in a hotel, about the population of a village, a building suggestive of a barrack would repel guests. An attractiveness, a certain cheerfulness, and at the same time a dignity not too oppressive of its kind, are the qualities which Mr. H. J. Hardenbergh, the architect of the Waldorf, has impressed on his structure.

This hotel, the name of which, the Waldorf, is now made public through Harper's Weekly for the first time, is being built by Mr. William Waldorf Astor. The ground was broken early this year, and by the fall of 1892 it will be finished. It stands on the northwest corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, and on the site of the old Astor mansion. In order to secure ample room, several of the houses on Thirty-third Street have been pulled down. The façade on Thirty-third street will be 250 feet, and on Fifth Avenue 100 feet, or half of the block. The architect has had, then, the good fortune to command ample room for his structure, and with such a base is chary of building up to the clouds.

The style of the hotel is German Renaissance, in keeping with its name. Not quite as florid as is the Italian, under certain wise modifications German Renaissance acquired greater robustness. Details are more impressive, because not so overwrought. Mr. Hardenbergh has introduced on the Thirty-third Street side a charming loggia, with an open story above it; and on the Fifth Avenue side has repeated the loggia, giving to this particular one a much greater height. The conception is excellent, since it breaks lines and takes away any appearance of conventionality.

The building will have twelve stories. The first two stories are to be of Maynard stone, which is of a warm reddish hue, and the rest will be made up of Baltimore brick, which will continue the predominant tone color of the stone. The embellishments and decorations will be of terra-cotta, and the whole surmounted with a roof covered with red tiles. At the corner the usual hard up and down line will be done away with, for here there will be a rounded termination, coming out from the sides above the second story and continued to the top, and capped with a conical roof. That difficult thing, a fine sky-line, the architect has succeeded in obtaining. With a fair width on Fifth Avenue, as the building has a height of 180 feet, it will be tall enough to be visible at a good distance.

Of all things in the world, it must be the conception of the architect which is of slowest birth. It comes haltingly, piecemeal, subjected to endless refinings before it can be welded into one homogeneous whole. The comely outside can be reached only by adaptations of the inside requirements, and so looks and utility have to go hand in hand. Five hundred guest-rooms, with offices, restaurants, ballrooms, court-yards, mean something more than the mere spaces they occupy. Modern requirements are infinite. A man not given to devising plans fitted to hygienic necessities would give it all up with an addled brain were he told that every bath-room in the Waldorf must be so arranged that it shall be ventilated not by means of shafts, but by actual access to the open air. Mr. Hardenberg, by a series of open courts, not wells, has so planned it that what seemed impossible has been attainable. When a property owner holds in his possession the title-deeds of all the adjacent ground, such a thing is feasible, as in the case of the Waldorf.

All the work of the hotel, everything that comes into the house, all unsightly objects, for there is nothing elegant in a traveller's luggage, finds its entrance through a driveway ending in an internal court on the Thirty-third Street side. Below, in the basement, are the electrical and the ice machines, and that expanse of laboratory where cooks pervade. And the wine cellar? That alone is a distinguishing feature.

What of the elegances? The climate of New York city is eccentric. In the Waldorf there is to be a famous court of 40 by 50 feet. In winter this will be roofed by glass and thoroughly warmed, so as to be habitable. In summer away will go the roof, and above, a hundred feet higher up, will be the sky and the fresh air. It is by means of many similar courts, not all parade ones like the one described, that perfect ventilation is attained. Should there be festivities, here are many dining-rooms, where future company will meet, and contiguous to these banqueting places a whole series of rooms arranged so as to open *en suite*; and so can be had all the requirements of a private house.

We have flattered ourselves that, so far, the hotels of the United States were fairly comfortable. As imitation is the sincerest flattery, London and Paris have followed in our wake. In the last number of Harper's Weekly illustrations of the New Netherland and a second hotel opposite to it on Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue were presented. The Waldorf, the subject of this article, makes, then, the third house. All of them will add to the comfort of that world which visits New York for business or pleasure.

SONG TO A CHILD.

THOU little blossom in God's world,
Thou child of spring-time suns and showers,
Whose thoughts as white and pure are whorled
About thy soul as leaves of flowers,

Shun not caressing hands, that fain
Would bless the gold about thy brow,
Nor slight the love that longs in vain
For such a gift of God as thou.

Be loving, as thou lovely art,
To all who kneel at childhood's throne;
For, oh, how lonely is the heart
That loves, and cannot love its own!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

A NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA.

COLONEL HENRY W. BLAIR, who for twelve years has been a Senator from New Hampshire in the Congress of the United States, failed of re-election this winter, and his term expired on the 4th of March. A few days before the expiration of his term the President nominated him to succeed Mr. Denby as Minister to China, and the Senate almost immediately, in executive session, according to the custom of that body when acting on the nomination of a member or ex-member, confirmed the appointment. This is commonly called Senatorial courtesy, and the quick action had nothing in it to suggest the ribald construction put upon it that his colleagues were glad to assist in getting Colonel Blair as far as possible from Capitol Hill.

The new Minister was born in Compton, New Hampshire, fifty-seven years ago, and became an orphan before he was thirteen years old. For four years he worked on a farm and attended school when he could. At seventeen, while continuing his studies, he also taught school, with the idea of saving enough from his meagre salary to get through college. This plan was abandoned, and he removed to Plymouth, where he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1859. With a year's experience at the bar, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Grafton County.

When the war of the rebellion began, Mr. Blair enlisted in a New Hampshire regiment, and his company elected him Captain. He rose soon to be Major and then Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment. At the siege of Port Hudson he was twice severely wounded, and incapacitated to serve in the remainder of the war. His legislative career, which has just ended, or at least been interrupted, began soon after the close of the war, when for three terms in succession he was chosen to the lower House of the State Legislature. He then served a term in the State Senate, and from 1875 to 1879 he served two terms as a Representative in the Congress of the United States. At the expiration of his second term he was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1885 re-elected for the term which has just expired.

Such are the briefest possible outlines of the career of him who during his sixteen years in Congress was the busiest of all the members. He is said to have introduced more bills, and to have occupied with speeches, reports, and preambles more pages of the official record than any other Senator. He will always be noted for his zealous and untiring advocacy of what is popularly known as the Blair Educational Bill. This bill called for an immense appropriation of money, something like one hundred millions of dollars, to be distributed among the States in proportion to their illiteracy. Twice he succeeded in passing this measure through the Senate, but on neither occasion did he have the satisfaction of seeing it become a law. Those who opposed it opposed it with bitter contempt; and those who voted for it did it in a lukewarm way, and because its intention was to distribute money. Even in the last session he has worked at the measure with all the zeal he displayed at first. Colonel Blair was also an ardent temperance reformer, and in favor of woman suffrage.

THE WORKS OF THE BETHLEHEM IRON COMPANY.

CAREFUL observers have never entertained the slightest doubt of the ability of the United States to compete with the navies of foreign powers, so far as concerns native talent and skill. But notwithstanding such native talent, already displayed so often on the sea, there has been too much reason to fear the results of a foreign war, at least at the outset of the conflict, because the ship of war of the day requires years to build and equip, and especially because it takes so long to establish the plant that has become necessary for the rolling of plates, the forging of shafts, ordnance, and other appliances, the manufacture of which is now carried to an extraordinary degree in the arsenals and foundries of Europe.

But those who have indulged in such apprehensions may now rest at ease. There is nothing now wanting in the United States to enable our navy to more than hold its own, so far as concerns the building and equipment of our ships, since the introduction at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, of an enormous system of machinery for the forging of shafting, armor plates, and guns.

The corporation which is now engaged on this work was conceived as far back as 1857, when the Saucona Iron Company was chartered. In 1859 the corporate name of the company was changed to that of the Bethlehem Rolling Mills and Iron Company, and again, in 1861, to the Bethlehem Iron Company. Some three years ago the capacity and importance of this most successful corporation were very greatly increased by putting into execution the proposition of Mr. W. H. Jaques, late of the United States navy, to establish complete hydraulic forging machinery for turning out shafting, armor plates, and guns of the largest size yet made.

We now find at South Bethlehem one of the largest iron-work establishments in the world, rivalling those of Manchester, Le Creuzot, and Krupp. The company gives employment to nearly five thousand men, and owns property along the picturesque banks of the Lehigh River about one and a half miles in length by a quarter of a mile in width, of which some twenty acres are under cover. The river itself has recently been deflected out of its course where the works lie, in order to make space for some of the buildings and to shift the Lehigh Valley Railway to one side, as it has hitherto bisected the works, to the peril of those employed there. Besides the immense boiler-houses, engine-houses, puddle-mill, merchant-steel mill, there is a great Bessemer department, built of stone, having an iron and slate roof not less than 1512 feet long and 111 feet wide. In the upper transept is the blowing machinery, worked by and consisting of seven large engines. Numerous other buildings bewilder the visitor by their immensity and the complicated character of the wonderful mechanisms which enter into the manufacture of iron and steel fabrics.

But the buildings especially erected for the production of war material demand particular attention as offering more to interest than any of this sort yet built in this country and perhaps in the world. These buildings are formed of iron filled in with brick. The machine shop is 641 feet in length, and contains drilling machines, lathes, boring mills, shapers, and the like. Perhaps the most impressive of the devices one sees there for hewing steel, apparently with the ease with which one whittles soft pine with a jack-knife, is the great planer, capable of smoothing a steel casting 13 feet by 13 feet by 50 feet and 10 inches. The travelling pneumatic cranes, which move overhead on an aerial railway, are 60 feet span, and can carry 100 tons. This, as well as the other buildings, is in direct communication with the railway, and engines may be seen at any time passing inside to carry away the colossal results of the foundries, either to move them from one building to another or to transport them to the dock-yards and gun factories where they are to enter into the completion of the great navy which the country so greatly needs.

The casting and forging presses were manufactured by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co., at Manchester, England, and are located in the vast forging and plate mill, which is about 1100 feet long and 175 feet wide. This department has never been surpassed for shaping metal and forging war material. Tubal Cain would open his eyes were he to behold the line of furnaces capable of casting ingots of 100 tons. The technical word ingot, a term associated in the public mind with blocks of gold and silver, is applied at the iron-works to castings of steel before they have been reduced to their final shape and polished. A shaft intended to be 50 feet long, or a gun that is to be 35 feet long, is cast in circular blocks perhaps one-third their ultimate length, and of course much thicker than when completed. By forging and boring the ingot is finally carried out to the intended proportions

The furnaces are heated by coal gas. As the molten metal approaches the condition required for casting, specimens are taken out in small ladles and poured into moulds. Immediately on hardening it is broken, and the character of the grain indicates the condition of the fused metal The furnaces are elevated on an iron platform about fifteen feet above the ground. When all is ready a large vessel fixed on rails, and singularly called a ladle, is placed below the furnace. At a blow of a hammer a valve is opened, and in an instant a torrent of liquid fire, flinging a shower of sparks far around, roars down a channel, and fills the ladle with many tons of boiling metal. By hydraulic action the ladle is moved forward until it comes directly over the mould in which the ingot is to be cast. Many pieces of exceptional shape are cast in moulds of sand according to the usual methods. But in the process described here a permanent mould of iron is used lined with fire-brick. The workmen by striking an iron bar through the stream of iron fluid as it drops into the mould start showers of sparks which ignite the escaping gas, and the outside of the mould is thus wreathed with rows of burning jets of flame.

When one ladle is emptied another takes its place until the mould is nearly full. After this is accomplished the ingot is subjected to one of the most tremendous processes to be seen at these extraordinary works. The mould is drawn under a hydraulic press, which is intended to squeeze out all the gas, and reduce the cast to the very last degree of condensation and closeness of grain. The press comes down with the remorseless certainty of fate, noiselessly but as terribly as the knife in Poe's famous and horrible story of "The Pit and the Pendulum." When the press strikes the molten iron, flakes of fire are forced up that fly forty or fifty feet, and the by-standers must keep clear of the burning missiles. This press bears down with the stupendous power of several thousand tons. If one were to concentrate the weight of a modern iron-clad ship of war, with guns and equipment and crew, it would scarcely be more than the force concentrated in this the most tremendous engine of mechanical strength yet constructed by man.

After the ingot is cast and sufficiently cooled, it is carried by rail to the forging shop, and placed, by the aid of a mandril, in a furnace of coal gas, and heated to a white heat. When sufficiently hot, this dangerous mass is placed under a hydraulic forging press. The handling of this fearfully heated block is done by hydraulic power with such apparent ease that one fails to realize at first the marvellous character of the operation. While in this state—red-hot and soft—it is turned and moved backward and forward by means of a mandril, and is brought into the required shape by the press, which comes down with tremendous yet almost noiseless power every time it touches the pliable metal. Thus an ingot fifteen feet long may be pressed into a flat plate forty feet long, or a shaft or gun thirty-six to fifty feet in length. This is necessarily a slow process, and often the ingot requires to be reheated.

The forging of the immense guns is a most interesting process. The rifled guns of the present are made by re-enforcing the tube with rings and repeated layers of steel called jackets, which are fitted one over the other over the original tube or barrel of the gun. The jackets or hoops must fit as closely to the guns as if forming an integral part of its composition. The only way to get them on is, of course, by heating, and thus enlarging them. When they cool, they fit snugly. It is evident that the exact size of the jacket and ring when heated so that it can be put in its place must be a matter of the nicest mathematical calculation. The coarse powder now used makes such havoc with the rifling of the largest guns that one hundred charges are about all that can be expected from them. The jackets and rings can then be removed, and fitted to another tube.

The various parts of a gun are not put together at Bethlehem, but are sent to Washington, to a department of the Arsenal called the assembling-room, where the tube is rifled, and the gun is finally completed. A steel gun of the largest calibre costs about $100,000. The ordnance of our modern navy is therefore one of the most costly items for which Congress is expected to display a patriotic generosity.

A recent invention now in practice at the Bethlehem iron-works is making hollow shafts for ships of war. Formerly the shaft was made solid; but it has been found that equal strength can be obtained with a shaft that is lightened by taking out the core.

When the shaft or gun is finally shaped, it must be tempered and annealed. A separate building is assigned to these processes. The shorter pieces are brought up to the requisite heat for tempering in a gas furnace; the longer pieces are heated in a perpendicular furnace having a narrow door, of brick and iron, that weighs 15 tons. An immense hydraulic crane, with a capacity of 100 tons, lifts the piece of heated metal and plunges it into a vat of oil some 50 feet deep. A sheet of flame shoots up when the oil feels the hissing metal, but ignition is prevented by a stream of cold oil, which pours in as the heated oil passes off. In any case it is necessary to use oil of low inflammable power, requiring at least 600 degrees of heat to ignite it. In Europe, colza or rape-seed oil is used, but in this country it is cheaper to use cotton-seed oil.

After tempering or hardening, the metal, if found too hard after testing, is placed in annealing furnaces, where it is tightly enclosed in a wood fire. The quality and temper of the metal as it passes from process to process are constantly tested by the excision of small sections, which are carefully examined by a resident board of government inspectors, consisting of two officers from the army and two from the navy. Specimens are also sent to Washington. The Emery machine for testing the elasticity and tensile strength of the steel is one of the most delicate and remarkable inventions connected with the manufacture of steel. The section intended for examination is shaped into a rod, with a screw thread at each end by which to hold it, and is perhaps seven or eight inches in length and half an inch in thickness. It is then subjected to a strain reaching as high as 300,000 pounds. The exact point where it yields to the strain is marked with a minuteness of accuracy that is almost inconceivable. This test is performed in a comfortable cozy apartment, where the rod is fixed in a light iron frame. It is impossible for one to realize what tremendous forces are at work until he sees the steel begin to stretch, and then hears it snap as one might snap a bit of twine.

The hammer shop, now in process of completion, will probably be regarded as the most interesting object at South Bethlehem, and perhaps more remarkable for evidence of power than any mechanical contrivances yet constructed by man. It is here that the plates are to be prepared for our growing navy. This building includes furnaces and a vast tank for tempering the plates. They will be lowered into it by travelling cranes. The tank is divided into compartments, enabling several plates to be treated at once.

The hammer is, however, the most marvellous object in the hammer shop. It was designed by Mr. John Fritz, chief engineer and general superintendent, who has been connected with the works from the beginning, and has invented or improved many of the appliances in use at South Bethlehem.

In the designs for the hammer proper Mr. Fritz consulted the plans of Le Creuzot, following them as far as they met the conditions of construction already adopted. The entire foundation of the hammer-room is actually laid on what two years ago was the bed of the Lehigh River, which, as we have said, was deflected from its course, and the anvil and hammer frame rest on piles. Above these a mass of cyclopean masonry has been built, and upon that the anvil is superimposed, consisting of a bed of solid iron capped by a bed of steel. This anvil represents the trifling amount of 1400 tons of solid metal. Over the anvil springs the colossal frame which supports the hammer. This frame bears a certain resemblance in shape to a truncated tower of Eiffel. It springs to a height of 90 feet from a spreading base whose foundations are clamped deep in the earth. This huge structure contains 475 tons of iron.

The tap of the hammer is a square solid block of iron faced with steel. It runs in a groove, like the hammer of a spile-driver, is raised by steam, and has a hoist of 18 feet. It weighs 125 tons. The total weight of iron in this stupendous hammer, frame, and anvil reaches the enormous sum of 2000 tons. One can perhaps more clearly realize what the direct plunge of a weight of 125 tons means if he considers that it is equal to the weight of two regiments of soldiers, or 1700 men, but having even more impetus, because concentrated in a solid mass of so many cubic feet.

It is with this mighty engine that the armor plates of our ships of war are to be forged. The best plates hitherto made have been those of Schneider & Co., of Le Creuzot, in France. The English armor plates are composed of a backing of iron faced with steel; the difficulty with these plates is in the proper welding together of the iron and the steel. The Schneider plate, on the other hand, is a homogeneous ingot of admirably tempered steel, containing about 0.4 per cent. of carbon, the outer surface being slightly harder than the inner surface. More recently Schneider & Co. have claimed that a slight addition of nickel adds to the tenacity of the steel, and tests lately made at the Ordnance Department in Washington are said to have demonstrated this fact.

The Bethlehem Iron Company has thus far supplied the shafting and ordnance for the cruisers *San Francisco*, *Newark*, and *Philadelphia*, and is now engaged in turning out similar appliances for the *Maine*, *Amphitrite*, *Puritan*, *Texas*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror*, and a large number of other vessels. In addition to this series of important government contracts, the company averages an annual output of 400,000 tons of rails and other miscellaneous products of iron and steel, presenting altogether one of the grandest existing examples of enormous physical power controlled by the intelligence of man.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE SEASONS ONE BY ONE COME BACK.

WHAT tho' the Spring all short doth prove
For wantonness and play?
What tho' the Summer quickly glides,
Like sun at close of day?
Nor Autumn flushed, nor Winter blanched,
May tarry by the way?

Young Spring doth in thine eyes appear,
And warms to Summer glow.
Old Winter lurks within their depths.
I would it were not so.
Nay, gaze not at me thus, my love;
Full well the look I know.

Then bid old Winter hie away,
Nor longer sternly gaze.
The seasons one by one come back,
Let Spring fulfil her days,
That I may gather while they're young
Some orange-blossom sprays.

W. H. PATTEN.

AMATEUR · SPORT

The Harvard captain, Dean, better known to the public as the quarter on the crimson's victorious eleven, has probably the most difficult task of the captains. He has a number of veterans as a nucleus, and abundance of raw material; but the former are not up to those filling their positions on the Yale and Princeton nines, while the latter does not seem so promising. In calculating on the year's results, however, it must not be forgotten that Harvard opened the season of '90 with prospects not nearly so encouraging. What veterans there are have had the benefit of a hard-fought season, and the fact that they are susceptible to such drilling was shown by the tremendous improvement of form in the last games with Yale over that seen at first. Aside from that, the nine will have every opportunity for improvement. Dean is a hard, conscientious worker, and will see that his team is thoroughly coached. Even now the in-field is having the benefit of practice in one of Boston's large roller-skating rinks. The battery of last year, Bates and Upton, will play this. The former probably showed greater improvement than any man on the nine last season, his pitching in the final games being very fine. He has considerable speed, but he must learn to control his temper. An angry pitcher, above all players, is an abomination on the field and a detriment to his club. Bates is a poor batter, and not much of a base runner. Upton is one of the best back stops in the college circuit, but loses his advantage by being slow in throwing to second. He is a fair batter and base runner, and, best of all, susceptible to instruction; so there is hope of his improvement.

On first, Bernie Trafford, captain of the eleven, is not so good as star Dana or McBride; but he is a good improving man, a fair batsman, and slow base runner. Neither was Frothingham at second last year up to Calhoun; but he is plucky, made an excellent record, is a strong batter and a fair base runner, and will undoubtedly show greatly improved play this year. Dean is one of the most reliable men on the team. His base running is very good. He fielded first-class last year at short, and his batting, though only fair, showed improvement at the end that must be taken into consideration this year. F. Mason, left field, is a good base runner, and fair fielder and batter. Alward, who played third, and will probably be in the field, is not much of a batsman, though improving, but a good fielder and fair base runner. He should do better as out-fielder than he did at third. One of the new men is F. W. Hovey, who played short at Brown University. He is a good man, strong batter, and an excellent base runner. Winning the inter-collegiate tennis championship seems to have set him up, and it is not positive that he will play ball this year. It is too bad that so good a man may be lost to the nine, and Mr. Hovey should take into consideration that he has more chance just now of winning honor on the diamond than on the tennis-court. There is abundant time for tennis later, while base-ball is generally dropped after the college term. If Hovey plays, it will probably be at short, and Dean will take third.

Of the other candidates, Corbett, who used to catch on his school eleven, is a good fielder and base runner, but a careless batter; Dickinson comes from the Latin School with quite a reputation as an all-round player, and may fill third; Hallowell, right end on the eleven, played on his class team; he is a good batter and fair base runner, but weak fielder, especially on ground balls; Cook, trying for out-field, was on class nine, and a fairly good player; Howe, last year's substitute pitcher, is a fair base runner and batter, and a promising man; has a beautiful drop ball and good control, but not much speed; Cobb, formerly on Wesleyan nine, and a very fair man; Machie played on Boston Latin School, and is a good batsman; he may play out-field. The general batting of the men does not appear above average, Linn Howland and Downer leading, but it will probably be better than last year. Dean must also improve the base running of the men, which last year left much to be desired. There seems to be a great deal to be done; but the men are all eager to work and determined to win, and that of itself is half the battle.

Apropos of the amateur in college sport, and before taking leave of the base-ball prospects of this year, I should like to go on record as asserting that there is but one way of putting an end to all disputes concerning men eligble to college teams. Make an inexorable rule that no man be permitted to represent his college in athletics after he has been graduated in any course, or after he has been enrolled as an undergraduate four consecutive years. There will be no occasion for disputes over eligibility, no more special-course athletes, when such a ruling is made.

The great demand made on breeders in the last few years in consequence of the tremendous growth of horse-racing has set sportsmen to considering whether burning the candle at both ends simultaneously does not foreshadow the downfall of the thorough-bred. The two-year-olds that win fame and money one year are lost to the public next. The question arises, What becomes of all the crack two-year-olds? We know the cupidity of their owners too well to believe they are satiated with honor and gold. Why, then, do their horses not train on as three-year-olds? Simply because the majority run themselves out in their two-year-old campaign. There can be no question that excessive two-year-old racing to a great extent destroys the future value of the horses. The instances are very rare where a two-year-old that has been raced hard throughout one season has figured prominently thereafter, while horses that hold their form for two, three, and four years have invariably been raced very little as two-year-olds. Firenze, to-day the queen of the running turf and sound as a dollar, has been in training since '86. As a two-year-old she ran only seven times, it being well into the summer, August, in fact—before she faced the post. Her only rival, of equal age, upon the turf to-day is Kingston, who as a two-year-old in '86 ran but three times. Neither of these horses was the champion of '86.

Where, then, is the champion? He was the unbeaten Tremont, who, as a two-year-old, within two months and eight days ran thirteen races, in all kinds of weather and carrying all degrees of weight, and never faced the post afterward. It was believed that as a three-year-old he would repeat his triumphs of the previous year; but the champion of '87 appeared in Hanover, who as a two-year-old had raced only three times. The next best three-year-old was Kingston, and the next Laggard, that as a two-year-old had run but five races. Hanover was retired only last season, and would be a sound horse to-day if had he not in '87 experienced the hardest campaign that a three-year-old ever sustained. He would never, however, have been able to run and win so many races in '87, but that he had been well kept as a two-year-old in '86. The great Salvator ran but four times as a two-year-old, the result being that in his three-year-old career he lost only one race, while as a four-year-old he was never defeated. To-day he is perfectly sound, though retired because of business reasons. Terra Cotta as a three, four, and five year old was a great horse, for the reason that as a two-year-old he had been campaigned judiciously. To-day he is in training, and of the same age as Firenze and Kingston. Probably the most notable of all is Barnum, known as the Iron Horse, who raced himself into fame in '83 or '84 by winning the Louisville Cup. This horse had never been raced as a two or three year old, and yet remained on the turf seven years, running and winning in that time more races than any two horses in the United States.

The only notable exception to the rule is Tenny, who raced seventeen times as a two-year-old, but with inferior horses that called forth no especial effort. Aside from this, he is an animal of such unusual physical powers that he would prove the exception to the rule in any class. Burlington, known as the "Black Gentleman," was raced only a few times as a two-year-old, and last year he was unquestionably the champion of his age. The same may be said of Judge Morrow, who was but a shade below Burlington last season. Both will be great horses this year, and race in the same class as Firenze, Tenny, and Kingston. Tournament, believed by many turfmen to be the equal of Burlington and Judge Morrow, and one of the great handicap horses of the coming year, now a four-year-old, was also raced moderately in his two-year-old form. So was Riley, winner of last year's Kentucky Derby, and now likewise a candidate for handicap honors. Not one of these four horses was the champion of his class as a two-year-old, yet they are fifteen pounds better than any four-year-old alive to-day, Demuth excepted. Demuth is believed to be as fast and as game as any horse that has looked through a bridle in six years, Salvator and Tremont excepted. But he never ran as a two-year-old.

From a thousand instances can be given conclusive proof that excessive two-year-old racing ruins horses—makes them weedy, breaks them down in many cases, and renders them nothing better than high-class selling platers. As to the effect of this extraordinary racing upon the horses of the future, we must wait for proof. Nearly all in training to-day are the get of the old sires, and none of them are by any of the two-year-olds that have been campaigned during the last few years, with the exception of those of Tremont. Two-year-old get of the latter will be on the turf this year, but until their three-year-old form it cannot be determined whether or no they will race on. The fact remains that we have to-day not more than a dozen good handicap horses which have passed the three-year-old limit of racing, and only one of these, Tenny, was worked hard as a two-year-old. Unfortunately, however, these short dashes, and this excessive two-year-old racing, are not likely to be extinguished by criticism. In the first place, strange enough, they are demanded by breeders who seek a market for their yearlings, and the rich prizes offered for the two-year-old dashes give them an opportunity to sell youngsters that are well engaged. In the second place, these short dashes are demanded by the public—curiously there being more betting on a two-year-old scramble of five furlongs, with a score of starters, than in a mile event between the veteran performers of the turf. Americans are nothing if not speculative, and the majority of turf-goers prefer putting a five or ten dollar bill upon a ten or thirty to one chance in a two-year-old race, than even money or two to one on horses like Firenze, Salvator, or Tenny.

There are people that confine their betting to "short" horses, and the two-year-old dashes make desirable and generous attractions to the jockey clubs. The bookmakers demand these short dashes because it makes the race more uncertain and their chances of winning greater; the horsemen demand them because they know that with a fairly fast horse, and the chance of a good start, they have always an opportunity of placing their entry with a reasonable prospect of winning; and finally the jockey clubs add these short dashes to the card for the obvious reason that they fill the club treasury. Thus we see that horse-racing has ceased to be a sport, and has become, instead, a commercial enterprise under the flimsy guise of fostering home breeders. There is no likelihood whatever that these events will be eliminated from the racing programmes until the next few years show that the speed and stamina of our thorough-bred stock is deteriorating. The certainty of such an occurrence is made the more inevitable by the effort making to introduce the racing of yearlings.

It is somewhat disappointing that with the Racquet Club here, the Boston Athletic Association, and the Philadelphia Racquet Club, there should have been no more than six contestants for the championship trophy of the New York club. It becomes the more lamentable when the further fact of the combined membership of these clubs being at least twenty five hundred is taken into consideration. There must be something radically wrong in the prevailing idea governing the sport. The game is left too much to care for itself, and there being no organized movement for its encouragement, the playing, with the exception of a half-dozen or so enthusiasts, is desultory in the extreme. There is no good reason why this state of affairs cannot be immeasurably improved. Is there no discovery for the governors of the racquet clubs of some excellent means to the desired end in a study of the progress of our large athletic clubs? Not that I should advise an adoption of the hurrah methods we have seen there, but would not a little more life, a bit more spirit thrown into the management of the game, be productive of beneficial results. This is a big country and a progressive age, and nothing can stand still without more or less detrimental results. In a large club like the Boston Athletic Association, where the game is a mere incidental feature to a lengthy athletic programme, its especial care may not be of so great importance, but in the case of the Racquet Club here, and the one in Philadelphia, where the *raison d'être* is the game itself, its especial care becomes a matter much nearer the success of the club.

To be sure, the game is expensive, and requires a great deal of practice to attain any degree of proficiency, but this is not the sole cause of its failure to thrive more satisfactorily. Its interests require to be taken in hand and worked up among the members of the club. As it is now, the one series of matches is given at this time every year, and that's the end of all club nourishment. Where would tennis, bowling, athletics, in fact any sport, be if a similar course had been pursued? One of the most interesting and invigorating of games is racquets, but it sorely needs care. Why should there not be handicap games throughout the season, classes for the instruction and encouragement of the indifferent players, and several prizes offered—for instance, for the scoring of the largest number of points throughout the season—thus, of course, making the playing of a great number of games necessary—best score by a novice, etc., etc.? There may be a dash of the Utopian in this, but there can be little question that it would greatly increase the number of players, and enhance the general prospects of the game. At any rate, nothing ventured, nothing won.

La balle cherche le bon joueur, and who more so than Mr. B. S. De Garmendia realizes the sententiousness of this happily turned idiom. No one ever sees Mr. De Garmendia rushing wildly to meet the ball, or apparently batting it furiously hither and thither. The ball comes to him, and he places it with consummate ease and unerring stroke. But in the match for the Racquet Club championship between Mr. De Garmendia and Mr. J. S. Tooker, finished just as we go to press, the champion was unexpectedly beaten. The game was one of the best ever played in this country, and Mr. Tooker won the splendid match in magnificent form. This necessitates another play, Mr. Tooker having now to meet Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun.

At this writing the preliminary struggles have all been settled. Mr. De Garmendia has defeated Mr. Paul Dana in the first match in three straight games, scoring 45 to his 9, in thirty-five minutes. Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., has defeated Mr. O. W. Bird, with a score of 45 to 21, in thirty-three minutes, and been in turn defeated by Mr. W. E. Glym after a plucky uphill battle, and by Mr. De Garmendia in thirty-five minutes, with a score of 45 to 24. Mr. La Montagne, who is really one of the most skilful performers in the country, does not appear to be in his best form. At times during his matches he played brilliantly, but was not able to hold the pace. In his match with Mr. De Garmendia, for instance, after only a fair showing in the first game, he made a tremendous rally in the second, and kept the champion very busy, but the effort used him up, and in the final his opponent did about as he pleased. Mr. J. S. Tooker has likewise created some surprise by defeating Mr. E. W. Glym in the final preliminary contest in twenty-five minutes, and with a score of 45 to 18. The form displayed by Mr. Tooker, especially in the final game, occasioned a great deal of favorable comment; his service was fairly effective, but the noteworthy feature was his recoveries from the outer court, and his general execution. He is a member of the Boston A. A., and one of its most expert. Mr. Tooker is the first player yet discovered who rivals last year's champion. Mr. De Garmendia's prowess consists of his exceptional judgment in placing, and his remarkable service, which he does not make particularly swift, but extremely puzzling.

How often must the note of warning be sounded regarding inferior vaulting poles before clubs will take some action in the matter? Scarcely an athletic meeting but that some contestant breaks a pole and has a narrow escape from injury, due entirely to gross indifference, and the disposition to trust in Providence to getting through safely. Every athletic club has a trainer, and he ought to be able, and probably is, to distinguish between a good pole and an imperfect one. It is a simple matter. Any one with three grains of common-sense and the most limited experience should know that a cross-grained piece of timber will not sustain a great deal of weight, especially when it is turned down to about two inches in diameter, and drawn out to eight, ten, and twelve feet in length. Notwithstanding this very simple fact, however, there are some athletes who are attracted by the cheapness of the article, and look upon the risking of their lives as of small consideration in comparison. I am inclined to fully agree with these.

The greatest offenders, however—first, in frequency; and second, because they are practically disobeying the very matters they are paid to regard—are the trainers attached to our large athletic clubs. At every set of games the home club generally provides a number of poles, and these, nine cases out of ten, are the wretched cross-grained affairs absolutely unfit for use. The dealers also deserve a share of condemnation. They get the poles turned out by men who have not the slightest intimation whether they are intended for portières or rake handles. The sole idea is to get out something as cheap as possible. No reputable house should carry such stuff in stock. A vaulting pole must be made with great care, and of only straight-grained, tough, pliant wood. The firm, the club, and the trainer should individually and collectively be prosecuted for criminal negligence in case of accident from inferior poles.

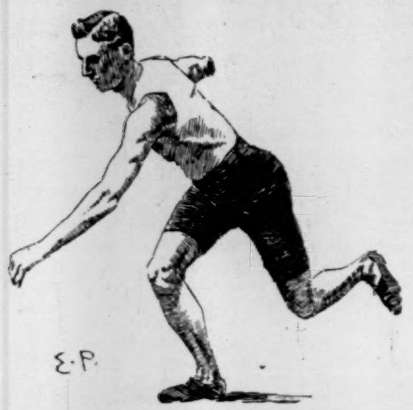
When the Westminster Kennel Club, in December, 1877, succeeded the Westminster Breeding Association, the success of the Centennial show in Philadelphia the previous year, and the tentative effort of the current one, had aroused a spirit of emulation in the New-Yorkers. The old association had given its entire attention to the breeding of pointers, and the new club was of the impression that the general interest in dogs could best be furthered by an established annual bench show It was with no little trepidation, however, that the doors were flung open on the first New York show, with its 865 entries; but so great was its success that the original two days of exhibition were extended to four. From that year until this the growth of the club and the corresponding interest in its work has been pronounced. Its influence has spread throughout the country, and the results of its efforts have been most gratifying to sportsmen. From this pioneer have sprung other clubs devoted to particular breeds, as, for instance, the Terrier Bull, and Greyhound, all flourishing organizations; but the credit for fostering and bringing to such popular recognition, as demonstrated this year by the 1530 entries of the recent show, must ever be given the Westminster Club.

The offer of the Amateur Athletic Union to reinstate Malcolm W. Ford to the amateur ranks if he will apply for such consideration, is a pronounced indication of the *magnum caput* that demands immediate and drastic treatment. If Mr. Ford will accept advice, he will not apply to the A. A. U. for reinstatement. Such a course would be equal to confessing the correctness of that august body's verdict last October at Washington. Mr. Ford was declared a professional not on the evidence furnished, but because the Board of Managers of the A. A. U. had the inclination and the power to do so. It is merely a question of time when the ban will be removed, and in the mean time every athlete understands the whys and wherefores.

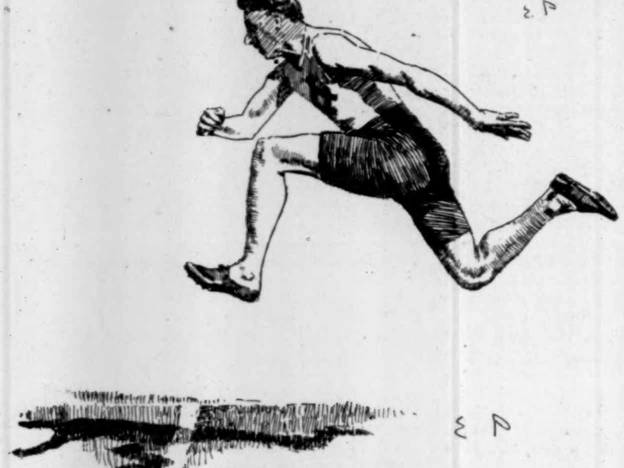
Caspar W. Whitney.

HOP, STEP, AND JUMP.

THE hop, step, and jump is one of the prettiest as well as the hardest to perform of all jumping events practised by the modern athlete. Its development in this country cannot be compared to the high standard it has reached in Great Britain. The main reason for this is on account of the poor quality of American turf, on which substance the game is best performed. Some of the grass in England and Ireland on which athletic games are held is centuries old. It is enduring, thick, and springy. Its roots are interwoven to such an extent that the effect of jumping on it is similar to landing on a firm yet giving mesh of some kind. Forty-eight feet for a running hop, step, and jump is more common in Ireland than 44 feet is in America. The ground usually selected in this country for the game is ordinary dirt, for the grass is very little softer, and it is apt to be uneven. When the essential features of the game are considered it will be seen how important soft and yet firm ground is to do a big performance. The event, whether done with a run or from a stand, consists in taking a hop, which means leaping and landing from and on the same foot. Then a step is taken, which necessitates the athlete landing on the foot opposite to the one with which he steps. The final part is a jump, which consists of leaping from the foot on which the athlete lands from the step, and eventually landing on both feet. To clear a distance of 48 feet, good divisions would be as follows: hop, 19 feet; step, 13 feet; jump, 16 feet. The hop is the largest division, on account of having the benefit of all the momentum of the run. It can readily be imagined what a jar to the athlete it is to clear a distance of 19 feet and land on one foot on comparatively hard ground. In the running broad jump 23 feet has been cleared, but the athlete has dug up dirt in which to land. It is not so with the hop, step, and jump, and one who practises it must be in good condition, or his leg muscles will suffer.



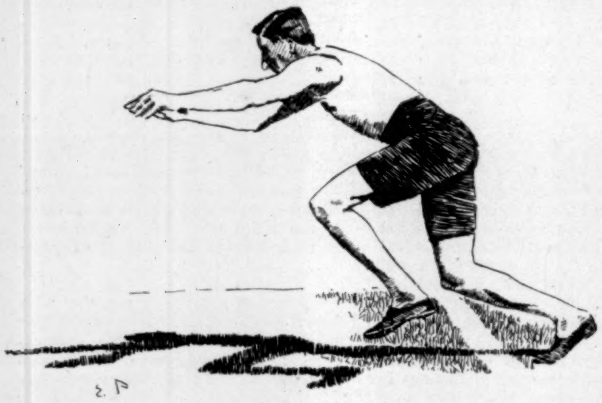
HOPPING FROM A STAND-STILL.



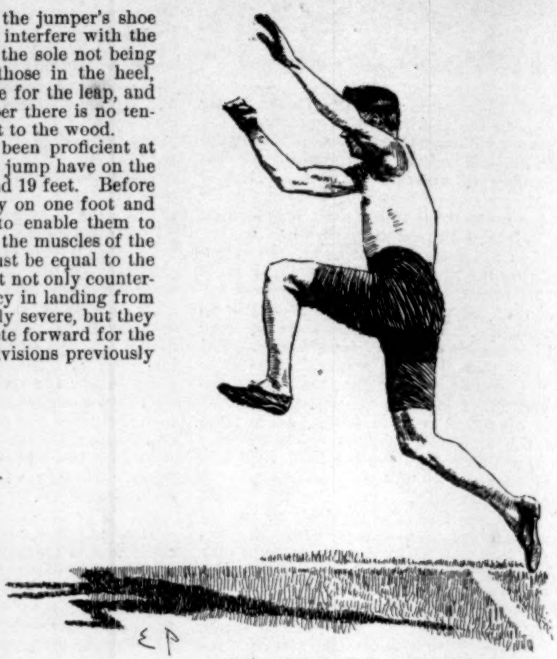
TAKING THE STEP.

A description of the hop, step, and jump from a stand-still is first in order, for beginners should practise in this way before trying the game with a run. There is a great difference in the records between standing and running, the former being 29 feet 11 inches, and the latter 48 feet 3 inches. The illustration "Hopping from a Stand-still" represents Robert K. Pritchard, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, in the act of giving the first motion. Pritchard's best record is 29 feet 8½ inches, made in the same competition when J. W. Rich made the best record. It will be seen that Pritchard is standing on his right foot, and is manœuvring his other leg and arms as best he can to acquire some momentum for the hop. This hop will be only about 7 feet, measured from toe to heel. His step will measure from heel to heel about 11 feet, and his jump from heel to heel a little short of 12 feet. In the middle of the step he will resemble the illustration "Taking the Step," although he was photographed here while doing the game with a run. The step in the illustration was about 13 feet long, in place of 11 feet, but the motion is the same in a stand as with a run.

The running hop, step, and jump is more popular than the "standing," on account of its being harder and also more showy. A smooth, level stretch of turf, 150 feet long, is necessary. This allows about 100 feet for a run and 50 feet for the jumping. The take-off, or mark, from which the athlete takes the hop, consists of a joist five or six inches wide and three or four inches thick, sunk flush with the ground. The athlete as he springs puts his foot on top of this. On the side of the block toward the direction of the jump is a small ditch, six inches wide and three or four inches deep. This is to prevent the athlete toeing over, for before ground can be touched on this side of the mark the foot must be put over the edge of the wood so far that it will slip down in the ditch and thereby spoil the jump, for no spring can be taken when the foot is in such a position. After one has become accustomed to this device he will not mind the miniature precipice which threatens strained tendon and wrenched ankles, for he will be able to gauge his strides while running so accurately that the foot he hops with will be put squarely on the board take-off. The take-off must not be over six inches wide, or just enough to cover the front part of the jumper's foot. If it is wider, the spikes in the heel of the jumper's shoe will strike the wood and interfere with the jump. The six spikes in the sole not being so long nor so sharp as those in the heel, make a tolerably even base for the leap, and on account of their number there is no tendency to their holding fast to the wood.



HOPPING WITH A RUN.

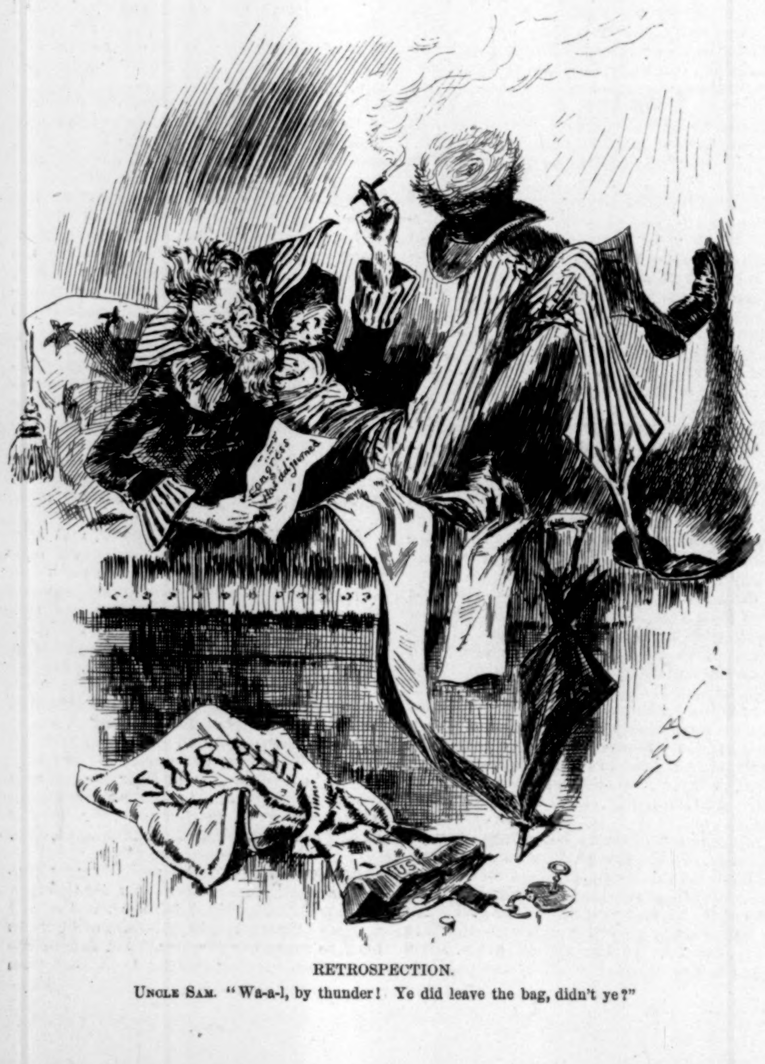


JUST AFTER THE TAKE-OFF.

All athletes who have been proficient at the running hop, step, and jump have on the hop cleared between 16 and 19 feet. Before they can land successfully on one foot and show sufficient strength to enable them to step right out for the step, the muscles of the leg doing all this work must be equal to the task. These muscles must not only counteract the downward tendency in landing from the hop, which is unusually severe, but they must also propel the athlete forward for the step. Referring to the divisions previously mentioned of a 48-foot hop, step, and jump, a further explanation of how an athlete, after hopping 19 feet, can only step 13 feet, is that the hopping leg, having so much to do to prevent the athlete from sinking to the ground after the hop, has little strength left to push him further for another leap. Any one being unused to the game will, after taking a comparatively big hop, fall right to the ground with the other foot, his one leg being unable to keep him up in position to give a step. There is little jar on landing from the step, for the distance cleared is comparatively small. The athlete is able to gather himself well and give a fair-sized jump, which, in a total distance of 48 feet, will be in the neighborhood of 17 feet. When it is remembered that all of this hopping, stepping, and jumping is generally done on hard ground, it can easily be imagined what strong leg muscles those who have made records at the game must have.

The running hop, step, and jump in America has attracted great attention during the past summer, and there has been an unparalleled series of record-breaking performances at it. At Boston, August 5th, J. H. Clausen, of the Boston Athletic Association, cleared 44 feet 5 inches, breaking the best American amateur record, 44 feet 1¾ inches, which had stood since May, 1884. Eleven days after Clausen made his record, Henry M. Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, cleared, in Detroit, 44 feet 8¼ inches. On September 25th the record went back to Boston, J. B. Connolly, of the Boston Athletic Association, clearing 44 feet 10¾ inches. On October 28th the record, although still remaining in Boston, was transferred from that city's premier athletic organization to Harvard University by E. B. Bloss, a student, who cleared 44 feet 11½ inches, where it now is. These four men differ very much in build. Clausen is a small, slender, wiry athlete, weighing 123 pounds. His successor, Jewett, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs, in athletic clothes, 170 pounds. Connolly is a medium-sized, compact man, standing 5 feet 8¼ inches tall, and weighing 148 pounds in jumping trim. Bloss is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 140 pounds. The record in Great Britain has been for over ten years at a figure that no one in this country has approached. This is chiefly on account of the good ground over there offering far more encouragement to athletes to practise the event, which, in turn, encourages clubs to have the event oftener on their programmes. The jump is almost as common over there as a 100-yard race.

MALCOLM W. FORD.



RETROSPECTION.

UNCLE SAM. "Wa-a-l, by thunder! Ye did leave the bag, didn't ye?"

THE PARENT OF INSOMNIA.

THE parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all-important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.—[*Adv.*]

LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Will be pleased to learn that a collection of twenty of the finest scenic views in Wisconsin and Minnesota may be obtained, free of postage, by the sending of an address and fifty cents (in postage, or otherwise) to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

P. S.—As the supply is limited, early application should be made.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WEATHER Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price, 25 cents per box.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

KARILPA, the new toilet-water of the Crown Perfumery Co. "Something very delicious."—*Observer.* —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT TO FOREIGN AUTHORS.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE Constitution of the United States (I., 8) declares that "The Congress shall have Power to promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries." Copyright is the absolute control which the law gives to the author of his work of art or literature. Under the copyright law he is defended by the government against the unauthorized reproduction of his book, his picture, his chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, painting, drawing, or statue. The ideas and fancies, the facts and reasoning, of a writer or an artist are not protected. Nothing comes within the intent of a copyright law except the form in which the author clothes the product of his research, his fancy, or his imagination. Mr. Howells's copyright, for example, covers his stories as he tells them. Any one else may tell the same stories in a different way, without being guilty of an infringement on Mr. Howells's copyright.*

Intellectual property and material property are not on the same footing. The author owns his book for a term of years; the manufacturer owns his piece of woollen goods as long as he sees fit to keep it. When the copyright on a book expires, any one may print that particular work, and offer it for sale. The law does not fix a period on the arrival of which the public may enter a manufacturer's warehouse, take the goods from his shelves, and sell them in the market.†

It will be seen that copyright limits as well as protects the author's property. It is not an extensive right. It is not nearly so extensive, for example, as a patent, which protects the inventor's ideas as well as the form in which he expresses them. Yet even this small right has been always denied by the United States to foreign authors and artists. The law passed March 4th (An Act to amend the Revised Statutes relating to Copyright) does not grant it without limitations. It simply bestows upon authors, whether native or foreign, the exclusive privilege of selling their own works for the statutory term of years, provided they print their books in the United States from type set in this country. This is the result of a concession, or a waiver, on the part of American authors, who, equally with foreign authors, are debarred from copyright unless their books are printed in this country. American authors thus relinquish the right they have heretofore enjoyed of publication in the United States by the importation of foreign plates or editions.

The amended law, however, is a very important gain over the old and discreditable state of affairs, of which authors on both sides of the ocean have bitterly complained ever since America became a market for works of art and literature. The struggle for an international copyright law has been going on in Congress and in the newspaper press since early in the century. Literary "piracy," as it soon came to be technically known, was practised both in England and in this country. Saleable books of both American and British authors were freely republished in the foreign country without reward to their writers. To what extent British publishers have offended in this respect is shown in Mr. Brander Matthews's admirable pamphlet entitled "American Authors and British Pirates." At the same time it must be confessed that English law has been more liberal to foreigners than the law of the United States. Under the former, a foreigner might secure British copyright by prior publication within the United Kingdom; while under the various acts of Congress no one but a "citizen of the United States, or a resident therein," could secure copyright, the law declaring that "nothing therein shall be construed to prohibit the printing or sale of any book written by any person not a citizen of the United States nor resident therein." Congress, by the passage of the present amended copyright law, has extended to foreign authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

In 1819 the sale of Sir Walter Scott's works in the United States had reached important proportions. In 1826, when Scott needed every penny that his pen could bring him, James Fenimore Cooper proposed to him a mode of publishing in the United States by entering the book as the property of a citizen. Scott adds, in his Journal, "I will think of this." Writing again on the following day, he expresses his purpose that his American readers shall not be compelled to pay higher prices for his works by reason of the suggested copyright. The following passage, omitted by Lockhart, appears in the recently published *Journal:* "The former [Cooper] seems quite serious in desiring the American attempt. I must, however, take care not to give such a monopoly as to prevent the American public from receiving the works at the prices they are accustomed to. I think I may as well try if the thing can be done."

Scott recognized a difficulty that has always stood in the path of international copyright. The fact that people of moderate means in the United States are book-buyers renders it essential that books should be cheaper here than in England, and the fear which suggested itself to Scott, that the attainment of copyright by foreign authors would increase the cost of literature, has furnished argument to the opponents of any form of international copyright. Although there was never any ground to fear that American publishers would injure their own market by unduly increasing the cost of their wares, it is interesting to note that so great an observer in the art of book-selling appreciated the necessity and the desirableness of keeping down the price of books in this country. He recognized the fact that British methods of publication prevailing in his day would not do in America.

For the many years during which the agitation for international copyright went on on both sides of the water, every popular English writer complained of unauthorized American reprints, while the authors of the United States whose fame reached beyond the borders of their own land had equal cause for complaint against British publication. Many publishers, both British and American, agreed with the authors in desiring a better and more satisfactory state of affairs. The most reputable men of the craft in this country paid royalty or made some pecuniary acknowledgment to the foreign writers whose books they reprinted, but it was necessarily inadequate on account of the element of risk of competition from unauthorized editions. At the same time a rule of comity obtained between American publishers of the first rank which protected the publisher whose enterprise or sagacity enabled him to first present a foreign author to the American public, and under this "Law of Trade Courtesy" hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid by American publishers to foreign authors. But this state of affairs could not last, especially as, for many years, British publishers had been reprinting all the foreign books that could be sold in the United Kingdom.

For a long time the country was flooded with cheap literature. Much of it was of the very best. But the classics were soon exhausted. Then the best of modern authors were taken up. Their books were unable, however, to keep the stream full. The publishers of the "cheap libraries" were obliged to print their editions at stated times in order to avail themselves of the cheap rates of postage established for periodicals, and some of them maintained themselves by reprinting as much defiling literature as the laws of the United States permitted.

It was this state of affairs that gave force and energy to the copyright movement which had been going on feebly and somewhat hopelessly for many years. The evils of this unrestrained business, however, had nearly spent their force when Congress finally acted on the bill which has now become a law.

In 1837 Henry Clay presented to Congress a petition of British authors asking for copyright protection for their works. This petition was referred to a select committee, consisting of Clay, Webster, Buchanan, Preston, and Ewing. The committee reported in favor of granting the petition, but no action was taken upon the report, and the matter slumbered.

In 1843, two years after Mr. Charles Dickens's copyright crusade through the country, Mr. George P. Putnam presented to Congress a memorial signed by "ninety-seven publishers, printers, and binders. In this petition it was declared that the absence of international copyright was alike injurious to the business of publishing, and to the best interests of the people."

Nearly half a century ago, therefore, the publishers, printers, and bookbinders, the commercial and mechanical partners in the business of book-making, moved for some form of international copyright. There was never a time when those who were actively engaged in the business of book-making did not realize the force and significance of the fact recognized by Sir Walter Scott that books in America were cheap, and that unless the character of the market were changed, books must remain cheap. The introduction of the expensive methods of publishing which had for many years prevailed in Great Britain was feared, and it was precisely this fear which retarded the granting of the petitions sent to Congress. The character of the American market, without the system of London circulating libraries, impossible by reason of the great extent of a sparsely settled territory, demanded that the foreign author should consent to a limitation upon the general privilege of copyright, and waive the power to choose his printer for the United States except from among printers in this country. It would be a serious waste of time to discuss the abstract question of right or wrong involved in this state of affairs. It constituted a fact which had to be recognized, and which practical men did recognize.

It was not merely a case of insistence on the part of American publishers and printers. British authors agreed that the Americans were right in urging that foreign books copyrighted in this country should be also printed and published here. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who was not entirely fair to the United States either on this or other subjects, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, in March, 1880, said this:

"The Americans ought not to submit to our absurd system of dear books. I am sure they will not, and, as a lover of civilization, I should be sorry, though I am an author, if they did. I hope they will give us copyright; but I hope, also, that they will stick to Michel Lèvy's excellent doctrine, 'Cheap books are a necessity which need bring, moreover, no loss to either authors or publishers!'"

In 1872 there was published in England, in response to a vigorous letter to the *Times* from Mr. W. H. Appleton, a memorial declaring that "the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author." Among the signers of this memorial were Herbert Spencer, Thomas H. Huxley, Thomas Hughes, G. H. Lewes, John Stuart Mill, J. A. Froude, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, Charles Darwin, John Morley, William Black, Harriet Martineau, Tom Hood, Justin McCarthy, and Edmund Yates. These authors agreed in the justice of the request that they should waive certain rights which were incompatible with the system of publishing and book-selling obtaining in the United States.

The agitation for international copyright may be said to have gone on almost continuously after the bringing in of the Clay report; although the real efforts in behalf of the cause were weak and spasmodic. When Edward Everett was Secretary of State, in 1853, he negotiated a treaty providing that authors entitled to copyright in one country should be entitled to it in the other.

In the mean time, in 1848, John Jay, William Cullen Bryant, and others, presented a memorial to Congress asking for a measure the same in principle as that which has been enacted. The memorial was ordered printed, and was referred to a select committee. Nothing else was done with it. A similar fate met a bill introduced by Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, in 1858.

For ten years the agitation did not make its reappearance in Congress, nor did it give signs of life, save, possibly, through the correspondence of those interested in the subject. In 1868 the "Copyright Association" was formed at a meeting held in response to a call issued by a committee consisting of George P. Putnam, S. Irenæus Prime, Henry Ivison, James Parton, and Egbert Hazard. William Cullen Bryant was made President of this association, George William Curtis Vice-President, and Edmund C. Stedman Secretary. The result of the organization of the association was another memorial to Congress, and another bill, introduced by J. D. Baldwin, of Massachusetts. This bill also provided that foreign books, in order to obtain American copyright, should first be published in the United States.

In 1870 the Clarendon Treaty was proposed through Mr. Thornton, the British Minister at Washington. The proposed treaty simply gave to the authors and artists of each country the privilege of copyright in the other by registering the work of art or letters within three months of its original publication.

In 1871 the late Mr. S. S. Cox introduced into the House of Representatives an international copyright bill, which attained the dignity of a discussion in the Committee of the Whole. This bill provided for the republication of the book copyrighted within three months of its publication abroad.

In 1872 Mr. W. H. Appleton prepared a bill in which the time to intervene between the first publication and the republication in the foreign country remained the same, but it was provided that the book should be registered within a month after its publication. Congress was at this time very much confused by the conflicting opinions of those who were interested in the movement. A member of the firm of Messrs. Scribner & Co., Mr. Edward Seymour, opposed the Appleton bill because it was "simply an act to protect American publishers." The Philadelphia publishers resolved against any international copyright, declaring that "thought, when given to the world, is as light—free to all." Charles Astor Bristed urged a copyright bill pure and simple, giving American rights to the authors of all countries that gave similar rights to American authors. Mr. John P. Morton, of Louisville, favored a measure granting general permission to republish on the payment of a ten per cent. royalty to the foreign author. And there was still another proposition introduced into the two Houses of Congress, by Mr. Beck and Mr. Sherman, in 1872, that this royalty should be five per cent.

The result of this diversity of opinion was the Morrill report of 1873, which drove the question out of Congress for ten years. The report concluded, "that the plan for the protection of foreign authors has not yet been devised which can unite the support of all, or nearly all, who profess to be favorable to the general object in view; and that, in the opinion of your committee, any project for an international copyright will be found, upon mature deliberation, to be inexpedient."

The question again became a public one in 1878, through a letter written by Harper & Brothers to Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State. In this letter the Messrs. Harper said that "the failure of all attempts of the kind, whether legislative or diplomatic, is due, we think, to the fact that all such propositions have originated from one side only, and without the prior joint consultation and intelligent discussion of parties from both countries competent to consider the question."

Speaking of the proposed Clarendon Treaty, the letter asserted "that the scheme was more in the interest of the British publishers than of either British or American authors."

It was suggested that a treaty, in order to be satisfactory to the United States, "should recognize the interests of all parties." "We readily perceive," continued the Messrs. Harper, "that such a treaty might involve a waiver of the rights of authors (and of publishers who are the representatives of authors), viewing copyright from the purely abstract point of absolute inherent right, instead of a created right or conferred privilege as declared in our act relating to copyrights. But while there might be this possible abandonment of abstract right implied in the obligation of the author or his representative to print and publish in a foreign country, in order to secure copyright in that country, there would certainly be no relinquishment of interests; and if a treaty could be formed to foster and protect the interests of authors or their representatives in all countries, we might well dispense with the consideration of any abstract question of original and inherent right of property. Such discussion would be irrelevant to the practical object in view."

The letter proposed a conference of eighteen American citizens and British subjects, consisting, for each country, of three authors, three publishers, and three publicists, appointed respectively by our Secretary of State and by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, "who shall be invited jointly to consider and present to their respective governments the details of a treaty to be proposed by the United States to Great Britain." It was suggested that as the last proposition for an international copyright treaty came from England, it would seem proper that the next proposition for such a measure should emanate from the United States.

This suggested treaty, known as the "Harper draft," was more seriously considered by the diplomatic agents of the two countries than any of the preceding attempts to secure a copyright agreement. The "draft" consisted of a series of amendments to the treaty which Lord Clarendon had proposed in 1870. The most important point of difference between the two was as to manufacturing, the Harper "draft" providing that "the author of any work of literature manufactured and published in one country shall not be entitled to copyright in the other country unless such work shall be also manufactured and published therein, by a subject or citizen thereof, within three months after its original publication in the country of the author or proprietor."

The negotiation on this subject was carried on by Mr. Lowell, who submitted the Harper "draft" to Lord Granville in 1880. Then at once arose a discussion as to the time within which a book might be republished in the foreign country. Some American publishers desired that it should be six instead of three months, and Lord Granville, speaking for the British government, in 1881, after Mr. Blaine had succeeded Mr. Evarts as Secretary of State, favored a term of six or even twelve months. Mr. Blaine, however, who was heartily interested in the matter, desired instantaneous publication in the two countries, on the ground that Americans should not be kept waiting for a foreign book while the publishers decided whether they would engage in the venture of republishing it, or for their own convenience withheld publication. It was developed in the informal conversations that took place on this matter between Mr. Blaine and the advocates and friends of the "draft," that no international copyright

(*Continued on page 200.*)

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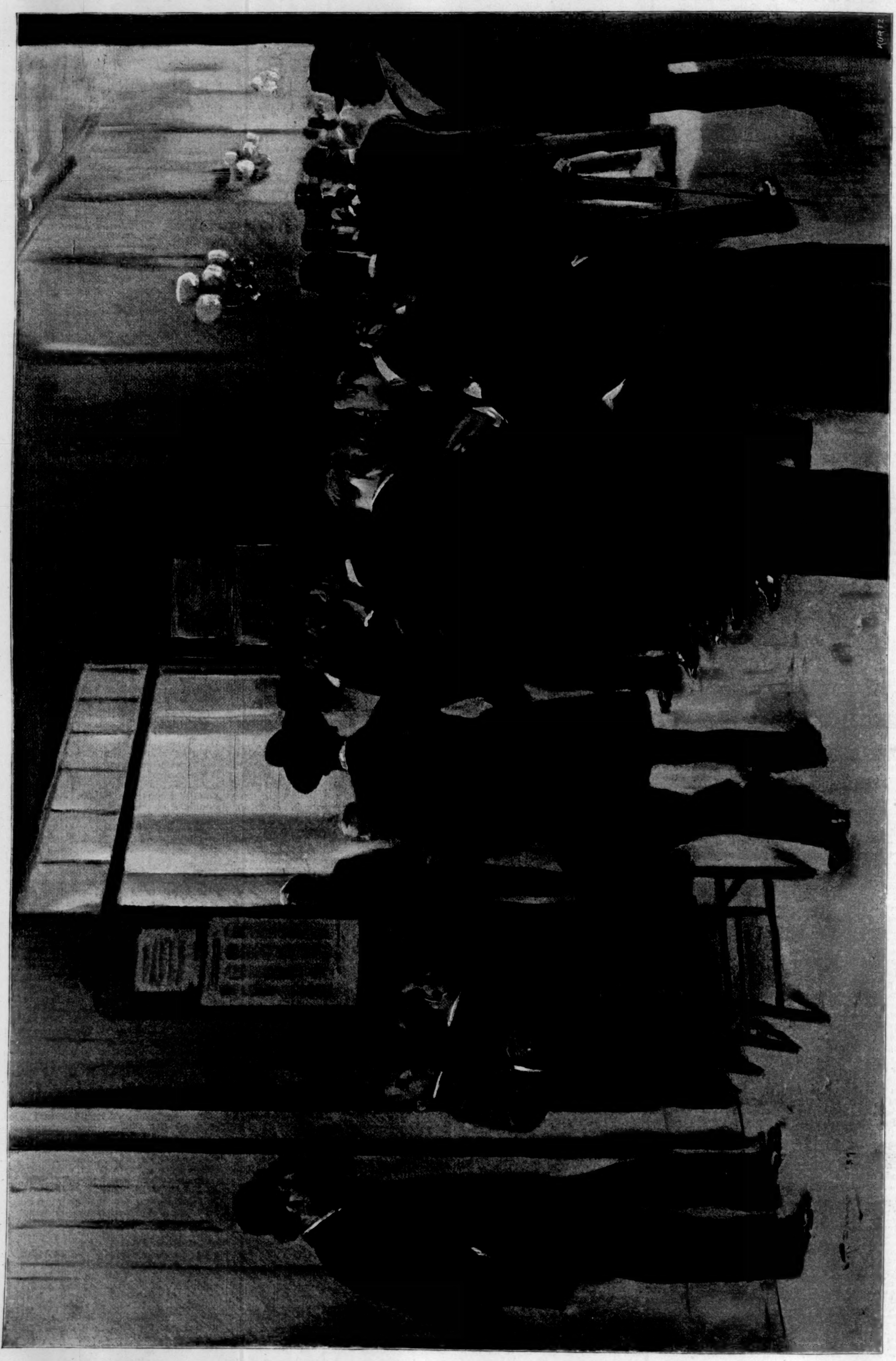
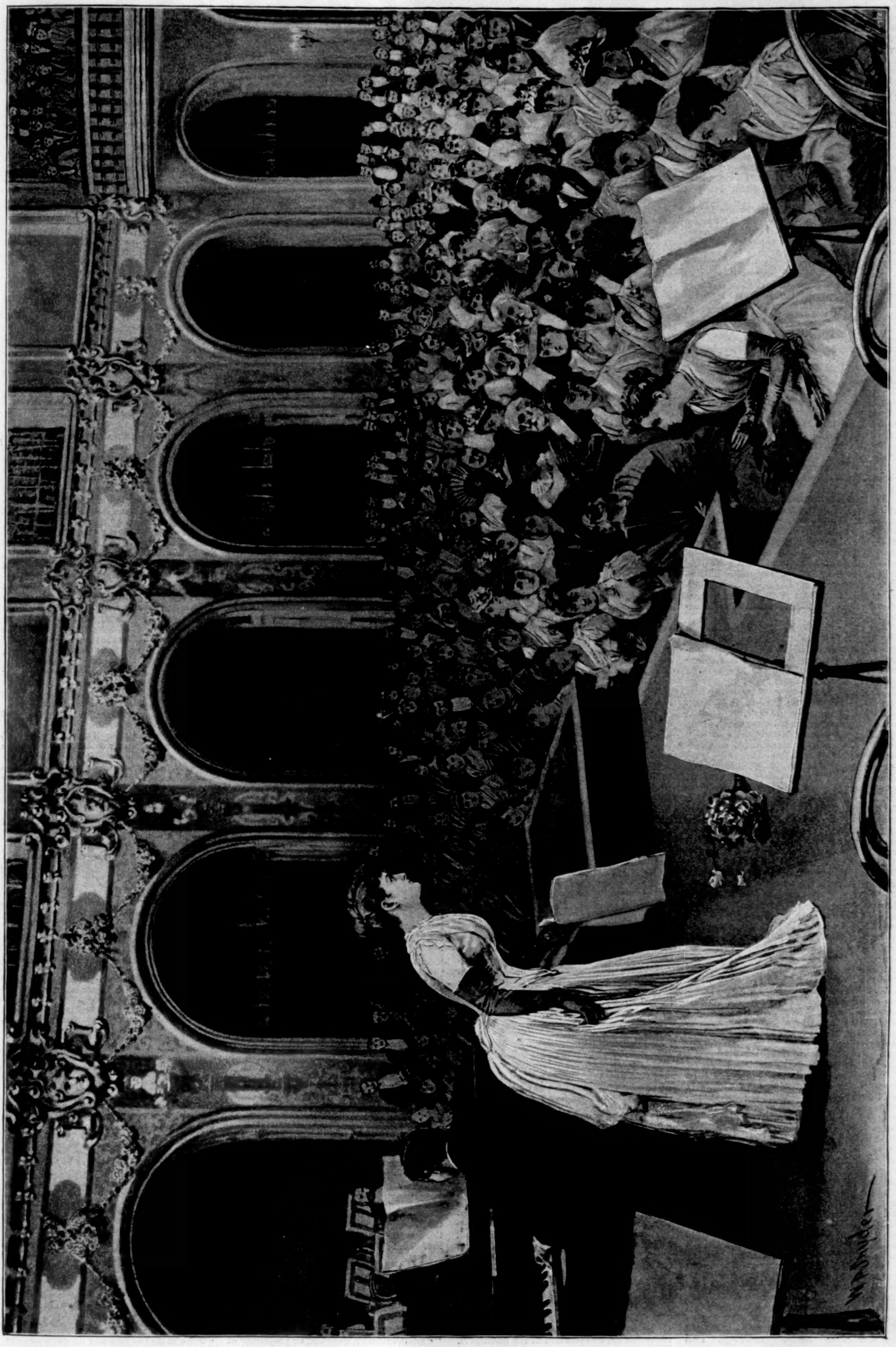
* Portraits of some of those prominent in promoting the passage of the Copyright Bill will be found on page 184.

† "This property in writings is like the property in inventions. A man has no natural right to say that because he has thought of a certain improved way of making a thing, therefore nobody else may make it in the same way. But it may be perfectly wise and just for the supreme power to grant him such an exclusive right, as a privilege bestowed by law within such limits as the law prescribes. The law of copyright and the law of patents are both of them wise and just; but they do not, like the laws against murder and burglary, simply enforce a natural right. They bestow a privilege—a privilege which it is wise to bestow, but which is a purely artificial creation of the law. To grant that privilege both to citizens and to strangers is wise and just; but to refuse it, whether to citizens or to strangers, has nothing in it of the nature of robbery."—*From Professor* EDWARD A. FREEMAN'S *letter* (*Oxford, January* 20, 1891) *to the Philadelphia Press.*



CORRIDOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON—WAITING TO SEE THEIR LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.



A SUNDAY EVENING AT THE LIEDERKRANZ—AN ENCORE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 187.]